

Week ending September 17 1955

Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

Complete inside: A moving story by

PHYLLIS BENTLEY

**WHY NOT ABOLISH
CONSCRIPTION?**

by Air Chief Marshal
Sir Philip Joubert

Peter Goullart's
adventures in a
**FORGOTTEN
KINGDOM**



Of course it's really hot -it's electric!



*'It's a comfort to know
that you can always get
piping hot water, thanks
to electric water heating.'
... cheap to run, too!*

Are you miserable in winter? Never enough hot water for baths? Never water that's hot enough for hot water bottles—if you aren't yet the owner of a cosy electric blanket? Just compare your lot with that of a woman who has electric hot water in the home—then think what you're missing.



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Save the green belts

RIBBON development, the curse of Britain's road system, is again threatening to ruin our countryside. Town is being linked to town by squalid corridors of cheap buildings—bungalows, petrol stations, second-hand car dumps, little factories.

Millions of people now live maimed lives in these corridors. For one cannot live a full life in a "community" perhaps ten miles long by fifty yards wide.

Schools, churches, shops and entertainments are lacking. "Ribbon" homes combine the disadvantages of both town and country life without their advantages. Farm land is wasted, green belts are destroyed, transport is made wasteful and dangerous.

YET all this need not be. Under an Act of 1935 county councils were given considerable powers to check roadside building. Now, under pressure from landowners and speculators, they are failing to use them.

One of our leading experts on this menace is Mr. Reginald Stamp, a member of the council of the Town and Country Planning Association, who, as recent chairman of the London County Council's housing committee, has conferred with many city authorities on the problems of urban sprawl.



MR. REGINALD STAMP
Piecemeal permits are the evil

"What is happening now," he says, "is that piecemeal permits to build odd houses beside main roads are granted—and in time it adds up to ribbon development. But we need unbroken green belts round every big town, and real breaks between one town and another—not urban corridors all the way.

"It is up to the county planning authorities to use the powers they have. And if they also produce clear regional plans—which are often long overdue—they are more likely to be supported by the Housing Ministry when a case goes to appeal."

THE "King of Planners," Sir Patrick Abercrombie, declared two years ago: "Ribbon development has reasserted itself under the stimulus of private enterprise. It is happening daily and gaily, clean outside the land zoned for building."

Since 1953 things have got worse. Landowners seek big profits from selling roadside land. Buyers are attracted by its accessibility and freedom from road-making charges.

Every county council protests that such ribbon development is objectionable, but many blame the Housing Ministry for granting too many appeals against refusals to grant building permits.

The danger is that between the councils and the Ministry the ribbon developers, concerned only with quick profits, will sneak in to complete their dangerous and ugly work. They can and must be stopped in time.

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Strange as he might look

arriving at Hatfield Station on an English summer day, the Eskimo would not have to travel far to feel at home.

For almost within sight of the platform lies De Havilland's low-temperature test room. Here, gloved and helmeted against

The North Pole comes to Hatfield

intense cold, research workers study the behaviour of

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that require coldness without fuss or mess, but also by

those needing a convenient source of carbon dioxide gas.

In the engineering, ice-cream, meat, fish,

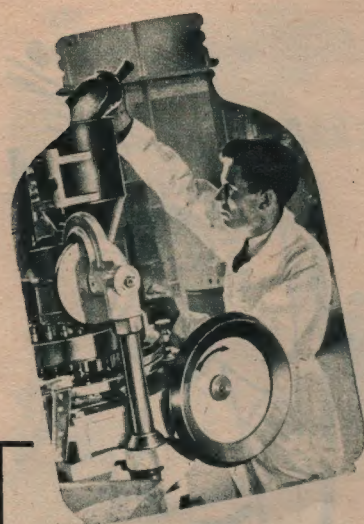
brewing, soft drink and many other industries,

'Drikold' plays its part in providing coldness, freshness,

'head' or 'fizz' all the year round.

Thus, and in a thousand kindred ways, I.C.I.'s research and production are serving the Nation.





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You're never far from a friendly Boots shop, and it will pay you handsomely to go there. It's a fact that by buying Boots products you save every time—and there's such a wide range to choose from.



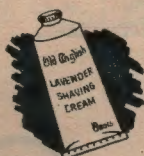
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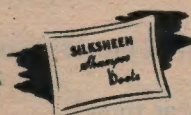


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Sachet 6d. Bottle 2/-

LIBROX DENTURE CLEANSER



Gleaming dentures hygienically fresh each morning.

Small Bottle 1/3d. Large Bottle 2/3d.

FREE SPEECH

The personal touch stops shoddy work

PART of my job is to see that the packing department at my factory is run efficiently. The girls are well-paid, but the work is monotonous and the fragile objects we make must be packed with care.

I tried many ways to make the girls take more pride in their work and reduce the number of breakages, but without success.

The solution was unwittingly provided by my secretary, when she insisted on re-typing a letter which had a minor error. "I can't let a letter go out like that," she said. "It's got my initials on it."

At once I ordered for each girl a supply of printed slips which read: "Packed by Miss—". I then destroyed the perforated slips the girls had previously used, which bore only their numbers.

In the last six months I have not received a breakage report. I believe that much of the shoddy workmanship so prevalent today could be cured by this sort of personal touch.—H. L. K., Staffs.

Travelling Toyland

THE Germans are an enterprising people, and one of their schemes I saw in Berlin, to bring brightness to



Caravan of toys pays a call

young children at schools in the shadow of bomb ruins, is a gaily painted mobile "toy box" run by the Red Cross. This tours schools in the various boroughs of the city, and lends toys to children much as a mobile library lends books.—Mrs. T. FARR, Moss Side, Manchester.

To The Point

IN the flower-bed at a local park is a notice, "Your feet are killing me," which seems to be more effective than the usual dull sort of notice. The anti-litter campaign needs the same imaginative treatment.—Mrs. B. C., Keighley, Yorkshire.

Locked Out

THE letter on school customs ("Free Speech," August 20) reminds me of my schooldays in Belgium when, on December 31, pupils locked out the teacher until he had promised to grant them a favour.—M. CORPER, Wembley, Middlesex.

So Simple

THE men in football, and the press experts, are wondering why the game is on the decline in Britain. The answer is simple: an outmoded system of training and coaching puts too little emphasis on mastering the vital thing in any soccer match—the ball. Continental players can place a ball within inches; Joe Davis spends hours mastering the cue ball

at billiards. If only our football professionals would show the same concentration on essentials, I am sure the native game would improve.—F. SCHOFIELD, Burnley, Lancashire.

Repulsive Pests

THE fly catcher in "Guess What?" (JOHN BULL, August 20) will be no teaser to many Servicemen who visited Cyprus during the war. It could be seen in cafés catering for troops in the villages, on the tables between the plates of egg and chips. Flies were attracted into it by a sprinkling of sugar under the bottle. The flies found their way up the narrow entrance, but could not get down again. The theory was that in time they tired and drowned.—A. R. COLLEY, Sheffield, 8.

... Why not a national anti-fly week, in which everyone would be asked to kill at least three of the repulsive little pests each day? With only moderate support this would account for at least five hundred million flies in the course of the week.—C. W. GRANGER, Alpha Road, Cambridge.



"The flyproofing of dustbins and the covering of back-garden compost heaps is the best way to tackle the housefly pest," says an expert. "A fly-murder campaign would be a helpful gesture, but a female fly may already have laid six hundred to nine hundred eggs before it is killed. Eighty to ninety per cent of the eggs may hatch, if conditions are ideal, and it only takes three weeks in hot weather to complete the full circle from egg to egg."

Presto Gringo

I WAS interested to read of the ballad "Green grow the rushes—oh" ("Free Speech," August 27). Many years ago my father, who was a seafaring man, told me a story about it. During the Mexican wars of the 1880s the song was so popular with American troops that the Mexicans named them gringos, derived from the first two words of the chorus.—Mrs. C. DUNBAR, Glasgow, S.4.

"This, plus the fact that the Americans wore green coats, may have popularized the word gringo, which also means 'foreigner' in Spanish," says the Mexican Embassy. "In

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

ESPRESSO COFFEE

Story of the wildfire boom in "arty" coffee bars which became a speculator's dream

by ANTONY FERRY

Mexico gringo is descriptive of Americans, but in Chile the term is reserved for the English."

The Baby Thames

AS a boy I lived at Kemble, and often walked across the fields to the source of the Thames described by Reginald Arkell in his delightful story "Trumpets Over Merriford."

I well remember the spring by the windmill, and I was fascinated by the

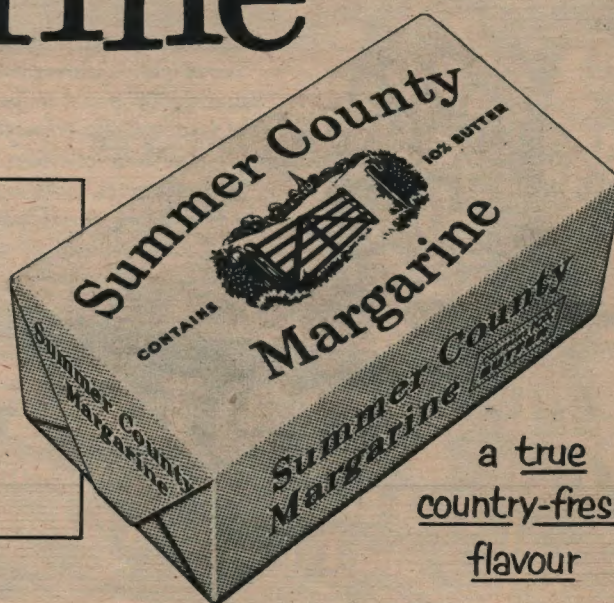
CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



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taste the butter
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Summer County
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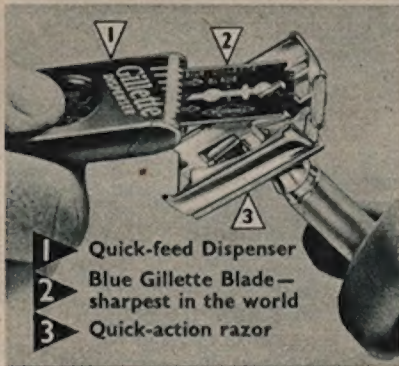
EPH SMITH leads the field



1 One of Britain's foremost jockeys, Eph Smith is a specialist in long-distance racing. Among many great wins are the 1939 Derby on Blue Peter and the 1953 St. Leger on Premonition.



2 Eph likes to get ahead with his shaving too, so he buys his Blue Gillette Blades in a Dispenser. That way he knows he can change each blade in a flash, and make a smooth, clean start to his day.



3 The Blue Gillette Blades in the Dispenser are kept factory-sharp, and they're ready to thumb into your razor in a flash. Use the Dispenser with a quick-action Gillette razor and you've got Gillette Superspeed Shaving.



4 You save time and trouble if you buy your blades in a Dispenser. And it's safer, too—there's a compartment to keep discarded blades out of children's reach. You pay no more for the Dispenser—10 Blue Gillette Blades, 2/10.

Always ask for a Gillette Dispenser

★ Have you a shaving problem? Then write for free booklet

"How to get a better shave" to Dept. J., Gillette Industries Ltd., Isleworth, Middx.

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Dunlop Universal carrying the Gold Seal of quality, is designed to enable you to get the maximum performance out of a modern, high-powered machine.

The deep tread pattern, special shaped studs, moulded knife cuts and the strong, flexible casing ensure road holding ability, long life and complete reliability.

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FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

force and the volume of the water that came thrusting out of the ground, even in the driest summer.

This was far more impressive than the actual source a few hundred yards away at Thames Head, by the main Tetbury to Cirencester road. There the water seemed to ooze imperceptibly from the turf.—L. N. FLETCHER, London, S.W.16.

Taming The Desert

LIKE Ralph Sleight in "Sahara Trek" (JOHN BULL, August 13 and 20), I tackled the desert; but it was by the other main route, which lies west from Algiers to Mostagarem, and then due south to Colomb Bechar. After this the Sahara proper begins, with its widely spaced desert depots like Reggane, Bidon 5, Tabankort and Gao, on the road to Kano, the ancient walled city in northern Nigeria. The distance from Kano to Colomb Bechar is roughly 2,112 miles.—S. RIGBY, Bolton.

... At the Culbin sands, in Scotland, a whole village was buried by a sandstorm in 1694. Today an afforestation scheme has arrested the drift of the sand, and I think a similar scheme—even a tree-lined track—might be of help to Sahara travellers.—J. M., Nairn.

"We had to thatch the Culbin sands with deep brushwood before we could tame them," says a forestry expert. "There's a lot more sand in the Sahara, where the problem of rearing trees is probably insurmountable."

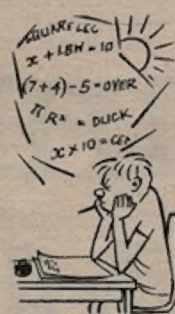
School Days

MRS. BRADSHAW, who wants earlier summer holidays for school-children (JOHN BULL Editorial, August 20) need not go to the Continent for examples of this.

In Scotland, children go on holiday at the end of June, returning early in September. At Christmas they have a fortnight off, and ten days at Easter. The university entrance exams are in March and August.—W. A. McLAUGHLIN, Glasgow.

... Writing as a fifteen-year-old schoolboy, I say that English children would get entirely bored with "les grandes vacances." We would also be bored if we worked all through the winter; but I do think our examinations ought to be held then. In the fine summer weather children want to be outside, not swotting indoors.—M. S., Great Barr, Birmingham.

... A longer school day is required. French children can afford to have a two and a half months holiday because they start school at 8 a.m. and continue working until five, or



later. Their teachers do not have to cope with dinner money and staff meetings in school hours.—Miss M. H. MARTIN, Ruislip.

Airborne Boat

ON a holiday trip to Westerland, sea resort on the island of Sylt, in the



Baltic, I stopped and stared in surprise. A garlanded boat seemed to be sailing on air.

Suspended from poles at the roadside the boat reminded visitors of the days, a hundred years ago, when Westerland was a sleepy fishing village.—C. FALK, Brighton.

Expensive Fun

THE stone-rolling story in "The Parkland Host Teaches Country Manners" (JOHN BULL, August 20) recalls a tale I heard on holiday in Cornwall, about the Logan Stone near Land's End.

This stone, which weighs nearly seventy tons, is poised so delicately that it can be rocked without any serious effort.

In 1824 it was dislodged by a naval lieutenant and his men; but there was such an outcry from fishermen who missed the stone as a landmark, that the Admiralty ordered the officer to put it back at his own expense. He had to have special apparatus built, and the job is supposed to have cost him £2,000.—F. WOOD, London, S.W.17.

Privileged Sheep

RECENTLY a blind man's dog was destroyed because it was suspected of worrying sheep. Yet, last winter, sheep from the Welsh hills were allowed to roam through gardens, causing havoc.

Apparently sheep have special rights of their own, these days. We, on the other hand, are now expected to pay for the mutton—and to guard it and feed it.—Miss C. WALLACE, Pontypridd, Glamorgan.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THIS WEEK'S COVER

THERE'S no more pleasant ceremony than a christening. It has the friendly warmth of a family party, the colour of a harvest festival, and the charming dignity of a wedding—without the stage-fright. And no one's left out. Proud parents see, for the first time, the magnetism of a baby in making new friends; there's flattery for the godparents, and guests can just sit back and enjoy the irreverent unpredictability of a baby making its first public appearance. Artist Batchelor was sketching in a Sussex churchyard when he spotted the cover infants arriving. "The golden rule for a serene baptism," he says, "seems to be: never let Father hold the baby."



It's plain to see
this boy is bright
He's brought home
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Ideal for LOUNGE, BEDROOM, LIVING ROOM and NURSERY, the Cindrella is always in harmony.



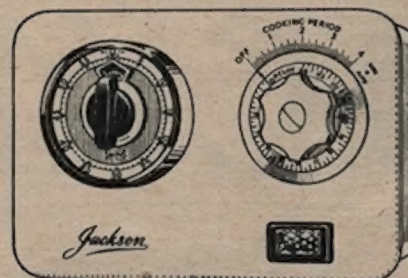
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it cooks while you **WORK**

Just place your food in the oven at any time, set the dial on the 'Cookalone', and your meal will be ready when you want it!

Total delay period of up to 18 hours if necessary!

This remarkable labour-saving device can be fitted to your Jackson Cooker—or any thermostatically controlled cooker.

Ask to see it at your local Electricity Service Centre.



... **SLEEP**



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Please let me have full details of your Cash Bonus Policies.

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Every woman who's loved and been loved will take to her heart this human, happy-ever-after tale! It's Mabel Pickles in person telling the Pickles' story week by week AND ONLY IN "WOMAN" . . . her own frank account of her married life with great-hearted entertainer Wilfred Pickles.

Starting with their boy-meets-girl romance years before Wilfred became a radio celebrity, their joyous wedding-day, their home-making problems and early struggles to make ends meet during the depression. Mabel recalls for you the endearing details of her 25 years as wife and helpmate. For, secure always in their mutual love and loyalty, this famous couple have shared alike triumph and tragedy.

Start Mabel's story next week. It will inspire and help you to fresh understanding of the laughter and tears of everyday living!

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OUT THURSDAY SEPT 22 - 4½

A moving story of mystery and romance, complete in this issue

NO ROAD

by *PHYLLIS BENTLEY*



SOMETIMES, from the most unromantic sources—a town directory, an old map, a prosaic modern incident, a couple of advertisements from age-yellowed newspapers—a poignant human tragedy leaps out which has lain hidden for many years. Only when the human beings concerned are dead and forgotten, their sad hearts stilled, do the facts emerge which, like missing pieces in a jigsaw, when slipped into the known framework make the whole picture suddenly plain.

Such a story began to unfold itself for me one spring afternoon a few years ago when, having lost myself walking in upper Whindale, round the turn of a lane I came suddenly upon a lonely public house, the Delph Inn, and, entering it to ask my way, saw a framed plan hanging on the tap-room wall.

A remote upland valley in the Yorkshire Pennines, Whindale is for most of its winding length contained by steep craggy banks. Stone of excellent quality was quarried there in former times, and the inn I entered clearly derived its name from this characteristic of the valley, *delph* being a West Riding word for quarry.

Scattered along the Whindale slopes are old farmhouses and old cottages whose long rows of windows in the second storey proclaim them former hand-loom

Gently, Doctor Archibald began his examination. Never had Susan felt so delicate a touch

weavers' dwellings. Most of these cottages are now desolate ruins, deserted in the last century when the industrial revolution drew the weavers down to the towns.

The wind blows hard and cold in Whindale; the steep, rough lanes, stony and grass-grown, end dishearteningly at these derelict houses or peter out into moorland tracks; the stark black ruins give the impression that humanity has lost the struggle and the moorland is marching relentlessly down upon the once inhabited valley.

Altogether there is a wild, savage, somehow sinister air about upper Whindale; and a glimpse of civilization on the far horizon, in the shape of the mill chimneys and condenser towers and the rows of houses of the town of Annotsfield, seems only to intensify its remoteness.

Entering the Delph Inn from such a wild and lonely landscape, I was quite startled to find myself confronted by a coloured poster of a huge, handsome mill hanging on the wall.

I approached and examined the poster, which proved to be a surveyor's coloured drawing, glassed and framed, with the heading: *Estate belonging to the Whinhead Mutual Spinning Company. Advertised to be sold by order of the liquidators, July 8, 1862.*

The picture of the mill, a massive six-storeyed erection with a tall chimney and a large warehouse at the side, occupied the top right-hand corner of the poster; below was a plan of the lots of land to be sold, with the River Whinburn curving along in the foreground at the bottom of the page.

LOT ONE (pink) contained the mill by the stream; Lot Two (yellow), higher up the hill, figured a large stone quarry; Lot Three (grey), higher again, lay between the quarry and a lane which ran along the hillside in a direction more or less parallel to the stream below, and then turned down to the quarry.

The lands adjoining the Mutual property were left white, uncoloured, with the names of their owners printed in faint italics. Mrs. Rosa Boocock, I read; Mr. Eli Boocock; Executors of Thomas Thornton Archibald, Esquire.

I was giving a passing smile to the social distinctions of the 1860s when I received a further shock of surprise. A building in Mrs. Boocock's land was marked Delph Inn.

"Surely this huge mill can't stand just below here?" I exclaimed. "In this wild spot?"

The landlord grinned. "You never seen it?" he said.

"Never. I'd no idea there was a mill so far up the valley. How on earth do they get the coal in?"

"They never used no coal," said the landlord. "Mill was never occupied. Never finished, come to that. That there on the wall's only a fancy picture, like. Chimley never rose higher nor nine or ten feet. Only the top storey ever had a floor. They took the best stones out, you know, and it's a ruin now."

"I think I'll go down and have a look," said I.

"Aye. Well—be careful," said the landlord. "It's a bit of a scramble, you known. Go on down this lane—Delph Lane—it'll take you half-way down the hill. But when it stops, be sure you strike off well to the left—there's a bit of a path down the crag. Don't fall into t'quarry, think on."

"But isn't there a road I can take?" I asked, not altogether relishing the prospect of a quarry appearing suddenly beneath my feet.

"No," said the landlord grimly. "No road."

A few minutes later I stood by the bramble-grown remains of the Whinhead Mutual Spinning Mill.

The project had clearly been as ambitious as the poster had led me to believe, for the masses of tumbled masonry covered a quite extensive area of ground. Here and there broken portions of wall towered high above my head, and the



They gathered round the side door, an angry, threatening crowd. Dr Archibald, his handsome

smooth round chimney still retained the ten feet the landlord had indicated.

The stonework struck me as remarkably solid, of sound workmanship, built to last.

But what a site to choose! Preposterous! Miles from anywhere! The Whinburn flowing strongly by offered an admirable supply of water-power, no doubt, and the quarry provided the necessary building stone on the spot, but there was no trace of any roadway down which heavy spinning machinery or raw material could reach the mill.

Indeed, there was only one possible place for such a road. Craggs stretched away on the left through the land marked on the plan as belonging to the executors of Thomas Thornton Archibald, Esquire; the quarry cut across the direct route from the mill to Delph Lane. Only on the right, on the Boocock land, did the ground slope in a reasonably gentle declivity from brow to stream. But this land lay beneath grass, an unbroken bright green.

I leaned against the pediment of the chimney and imagined the racking anxiety, the protracted disillusionment, the final agonizing catastrophe, of the men whose money built the Whinhead Mutual Spinning Mill. Who were they? Of what nature and circumstance? Why *Mutual*? Not a common word for a textile enterprise in the 1860s, I thought. Why did

they build here? What had prevented the mill's completion?

In brief, my curiosity about the Whinhead Mutual Spinning Mill was strongly roused, and I could not rest till I had discovered its history.

I tracked down its outward happenings, as I say, through newspapers and registers and directories, with a certain amount of oral tradition. But the cause, the motive, the emotion, which brought the mill enterprise crashing down in tragedy and broke so many hearts, remained obscure to me until this very year, when an item in a corporation waterworks scheme cast on the whole affair a most lurid and poignant illumination.

Here is the story I uncovered.

IT was in the late 1850s that young Dr. Thomas Thornton Archibald came to Whinhead. Naturally, his arrival caused a good deal of talk. It seemed strange that such a handsome, elegant, clever young man should wish to settle so far out of town, and there were not wanting sour persons who hinted that he had got himself into trouble, in his previous practice—with a young woman, of course—and had left the southern county of his former abode because it was too hot to hold him.

Others, however, indignantly denied this, and contended that the young doctor was in a sense a native of the West Riding; though Archibald was a fancy "foreign" name, Thornton proved

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE



face looking pale and worn in the lamp's rays, faced them quietly. "I, too, am ruined," he said

his Yorkshire connections. His mother, in fact, stated Dr. Archibald's Whinhead partisans, was one of the wealthy, well-known Thorntons of High Roebuck, a village lying between Whindale and Annotsfield, and Dr. Archibald had inherited from her both a considerable fortune and some land in Whindale.

He certainly visited with the High Roebuck Thorntons, and on part of his own Whindale land he built himself a substantial Victorian house, halfway up on the hillside on the left bank of the valley, almost opposite the Delph Inn, which lay halfway up on the other.

Dr. Archibald himself, when asked bluntly in the Yorkshire way why he had come to Whindale, replied that his mother had always spoken to him of the West Riding, where she had spent her youth, with such affection that he had conceived a great desire to see the place. And now that he had seen Whindale he felt that he belonged to it and wanted to stay.

This was at first thought rather "south country," rather sentimental, more likely to be a cover for a less creditable reason than the truth; Whindale smiles were derisive and Whindale heads were shaken doubtfully.

But as time went on Dr. Archibald's devotion proved to be genuine. He gave liberally to Whindale charities, and was a regular and earnest attender at the Whindale church, where he soon was made vicar's warden.

He always came to a patient immediately he

was summoned, and made no complaint, however rough the road, inconvenient the time, or inclement the weather. He remembered Whindale names and relationships when they were once explained to him, liked to watch local knurr and spell matches and attained a certain proficiency in the game, about which he remained quietly modest.

Whindale slowly and cautiously began to like Dr. Archibald.

In appearance, the young doctor was tall and erect, with a graceful, slender figure; his hair was dark and curly; his eyes, large and bright, had a remarkable expression of kindness and affection. He had a particular tenderness for children.

He could be stern on occasion, however, as his first visit to the Delph Inn was to show.

ROSA BOOCOCK had summoned him there to see her husband Michael, who was rapidly drinking himself to death. When the doctor arrived that evening, three or four men, of whom Michael's cousin Eli was one, were drinking and smoking in the tap-room. Rosa and an Irish maid she had, called Annie Callaghan, were behind the bar, and the Boocock's child, Susan, a mite of five or so, was clinging to her mother with her face buried in Rosa's skirts, and wailing on a high persistent whining note, very irritating to the ear.

Silence fell as the doctor entered, except for

Susan, whose crying sounded even more shrill now it was not half-drowned by the noise of the men.

"I'm glad you've come, doctor," said Rosa Boocock.

She lifted the flap of the bar and came out to greet him, and Susan perforce dragged after her. "He seems in a right fever. But whether he'll see you or not is more than I can say."

"I must see him," said Dr. Archibald, in his courteous, gentlemanly tones, quiet but firm.

"Well, I'll go up and see," said Rosa reluctantly. "Leave go, Susan!"

She turned towards the stairs, which ran straight up out of the tap-room.

JUST then Michael Boocock himself appeared at the top of the stairs. He was raging with drink and fever, his face flushed deep red, his black eyes rolling; a heavy, swarthy, coarse-skinned man, in his nightshirt, which he had torn open at the neck, with his hairy legs and chest showing, he looked an ugly and frightening customer enough, and it was not surprising that Susan screamed at the sight of him.

"Will you keep that damned child quiet, Rosa!" shouted Michael. "How d'you think I can sleep through her everlasting bloody howling?"

Susan screamed again, and Michael, swaying on his feet, stumbled down a step or two. Leaning over the wooden railing, he snatched up a bottle of gin from the bar and brandished it over Rosa's head.

There was a gasp of horror from everybody present except Rosa, who threw up her head and glared defiantly at her husband. Then all in a moment Dr. Archibald sprang up the stairs and with the edge of his hand hit the side of the drunken man's wrist sharply.

Boocock's hand jerked upwards, the bottle flew up out of his hand in a wide curve and fell heavily. Dr. Archibald caught it in his left hand in mid-air and replaced it quietly on the bar.

It was done so neatly and skilfully, almost like some trick at a fair, that some of the men could hardly help giving a guffaw, and Michael himself burst out into wild laughter. But Dr. Archibald himself was not at all amused.

"Think shame to yourself, man," he said sternly to Michael, "for frightening the child so. Go up to your bed at once if you value your life—you should never have left it."

He did not attempt to touch the drunken man. He just stood there with one hand hanging by his side, and the other resting lightly on the banister. Perhaps frightened by the doctor's reference to the serious nature of his illness, Michael after a pause turned and shambled away upstairs.

Dr. Archibald followed him. The doctor remained quite a while upstairs, and when he came down his face was serious.

"Is there anyone you can send across to Whin Grove for medicine this evening?" he said. "If not, I will return with it myself."

Whin Grove was the name he had given to his new mansion, from a copse of trees which lay just below it on the hillside. A footpath led down through this copse, across a footbridge over the Whinburn and up over the crag to Delph Lane.

"Eli can send someone—or Annie Callaghan can fetch it," said Rosa in an indifferent tone.

"Very good. Tonight, please. And now, little one, let us look at you." Dr. Archibald lifted Susan up and seated her on the bar. The child gaped at him.

Considering what a handsome mother she had, Susan was something of a disappointment. Rosa was a tall, strong, bosomy woman, with flashing dark eyes and a great deal of coarse dark hair and a rich carmine complexion: in his sober moments Michael was proud of her beauty and he had given her some big dangling ear-rings with red glass in them, which suited her grandly. But

ROSE OF SHARON

An enchanting novel by JERRARD TICKELL

IT was Barry Perkins's wedding night. On the deck of the small canal boat, he was smoking a last cigarette. . . . With a sense of wonder, he turned to join his wife Cathleen, lovely Irish Cathleen, in the cabin below. At that moment he heard the crunch of feet on the towpath. The dark figure of a man approached.

The man stopped at the stern of the boat, breathing heavily. And he told Barry Perkins: "My name's Miles Flood and I'm coming to London with you."

Despite Barry's protests, he jumped aboard, opened the cabin door, peered inside. He staggered back. "Good God! A woman! You've got a woman aboard. What goes on in this canal life nowadays?" . . .

And what does go on in this canal life? Jerrard Tickell gives a gay, warm-hearted answer in this enchanting short novel. It is the story of the Perkins family—Ted and Mabel and their son Barry—and their canal barge. And of Rose of Sharon, the beautiful Clydesdale mare, known to her friends as Rosie, who pulls the Perkins's barge along the waterways of England.

Three events in one day disrupt the family life: the wedding of Barry, the arrival of Miles Flood, the eccentric old artist, and the departure of Rosie. For Rose of Sharon must go. The age



Barry and Cath—one of the fine illustrations by Batchelor

of the barge horse is over, the diesel engine is taking its place.

The day becomes a link in a fantastic chain of circumstances, culminating in the discovery of a bomb in the Regent's Canal, the evacuation of London Zoo—and Rosie's début as a TV star.

This delightful story will be serialized in two parts before book publication. The first instalment appears . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

**A
JOHN
BULL
EXTRA**

A book condensed in one issue

OFFSHORE from Montevideo, the German pocket battleship Graf Spee was sinking, scuttled by her crew. But hiding in the South Atlantic was Graf Spee's secret supply ship, Altmark. Aboard her, crammed into dank, narrow holds, were three hundred prisoners from British ships.

From the High Command of the German Navy the order went out: *Altmark to return to home waters.* In London, Churchill signalled: *Search*

and scrub the South Atlantic for the Altmark. The hunt was on.

Now the full, dramatic story of the Altmark has been told for the first time. *The Navy's Here!* by Willi Frischauer and Robert Jackson is to appear as a book condensation in a special form—in addition to all JOHN BULL's usual features. Further details of our presentation of this authentic narrative of a great sea adventure will be published next week.

poor little Susan—perhaps because of her father's intemperance—was a thin pale slip of a child.

At this time she had a nasty crusted spot on her cheek, and another on one forearm. Dr. Archibald turned her face gently to the light, and then took the flabby little arm in his hand and examined it. I don't suppose Susan Boocock had ever experienced so kind and delicate a touch before; she gave one last sob and was silent.

"She's very fretful, doctor," said Rosa.

"It's no wonder. These spots are very irritable and uncomfortable," said Dr. Archibald. "They need a soothing antiseptic application. Miss Callaghan is beginning to suffer from them too, I see. I'll send you some ointment. Please see that they both apply it regularly."

At being mentioned like this and called Miss Callaghan in the doctor's courteous tones, Annie blushed, as she was apt to do, being young and modest. Although she was Ulster Irish, and Whinhead people were usually suspicious of strangers, she was well liked and to some extent pitied, for her situation at the Delph Inn cannot have been easy, between Rosa's temper and Michael's drunken fits.

Indeed, no local girl would stay long at the Delph, and no doubt that was why Eli Boocock had brought Annie over from Ireland to be maid to his cousin's wife. Eli was a cattle-dealer and went over to Ireland regularly from Liverpool, returning with cattle which he drove across

Lancashire and rested at Whinhead, before selling to butchers in the West Riding.

Annie was the youngest of one of those enormous, poverty-stricken, starving Irish families of that time. Her picture—where I saw it I will tell you later—shows her all the same as a very sweet, kind, tranquil young girl with a beautiful budding young figure, a pure delicate profile, fine large eyes and a very fair complexion.

She was very good to poor Susan, feeding her and nursing her and comforting her when she cried, and this was doubtless how she had caught the infection from the little's girl's skin. She took the child up in her arms now and went away with her into the back parts of the house at Rosa's command, glad to escape from notice.

EVERYONE in Whinhead began to think a good deal of Dr. Archibald after this Delph Inn incident, and it was from this time that they began to call him Dr. Tom.

It was not only his courage in facing a man mad with drink and his neat trick with the bottle, though they admired both. Whinhead folk have plenty of sense and they respected a young doctor who in a mere moment, and while he appeared to be completely engaged with Michael, had seen what was wrong with little Susan and Annie, and decided how to cure them.

For cure them he did. Annie's wild-rose cheek was soon free of blemish, and though Susan was

never either a pretty or a healthy child, at least her skin cleared.

Michael Boocock, however, was beyond curing. Dr. Tom brought him round that time and once or twice again, and after each cure kept him off the drink for some months by a mixture of stern measures and personal influences. But in spite of all his efforts Michael each time relapsed, and at last died a year or so after Dr. Tom's first coming to the district.

There were those in Whinhead who said in the next year or two that Dr. Tom and the widow Rosa Boocock might make a match of it, but others were equally firm that he wouldn't dream of so demeaning himself. Some pointed to Rosa's very great beauty, but others said that a young man with a fortune of his own, who had been to Cambridge University and was related to the Thorntons of High Roebuck, would not ally himself to an innkeeper—Rosa having taken on the Delph licence.

Certainly Dr. Tom visited at the Delph regularly—but then Susan, poor mite, was always ailing and in need of him. Dr. Tom never drank at the inn—but then he never drank anywhere, being a strong temperance man.

How does all this concern the Whinhead Mutual Spinning Company?

Well, it seems it was in talk with Mrs. Boocock that the idea of the mill first entered Dr. Tom's head.

The young man was squeamish about sending

out bills for his professional services and for the first year or so nobody received any; then it seemed that one of his Thornton cousins scolded him for this and took the matter in hand, for a whole flight of accounts reached Whinhead on the same day, all bearing the High Roebuck postmark.

On the doctor's next visit to the Delph, Rosa Boocock told him frankly she could not pay.

"May I see the account?" said Dr. Tom politely.

Rosa handed it to him. Dr. Tom took it with a slight bow, gazed down at it with mild thoughtfulness for a moment, then quietly tore the paper across and dropped it in the tap-room fire.

"You're too good, too kind!" exclaimed Rosa. Now that she had got what she wanted, she was ashamed and began to make excuses. "Custom's dropping at this inn all the time," she said.

It was one of Dr. Tom's characteristics to be genuinely interested in other people's difficulties. He asked now: "Can you ascribe this decline in custom to any special cause?"

"Aye, that I can!" said Rosa with feeling. "Every year there are fewer folk living here. It's been years since anybody but you put a new house in Whindale, Dr. Tom, and some of the old ones are standing empty."

"But why? Where do the people go?"

"They get drawn away down to Roebuck Foot and Lower Whindale and even right away to Annotsfield, where the mills and the jobs are," said Rosa bitterly. "In my childhood there was many a weaver busy at his loom in Whinhead, but now——"

"It's true the day of the hand-loom weaver is over," said Dr. Tom thoughtfully.

A man of education, interested in West Riding history, he knew where to look for information, and he soon found that Rosa was right.

The population of Whinhead had decreased by a fifth in the last ten years, and in the last fifty years, since the coming of machines to the wool textile trade, it had practically halved itself.

During the same period the population of the town of Annotsfield had risen by leaps and bounds, till it was a bustling, teeming city, with fresh buildings going up all over the place.

That Whinhead should be a decaying community was for many reasons a cause of distress to the earnest young doctor. From affection he felt sad that Whindale should not flourish. As a physician, he deeply regretted these new machine-made concentrations of population. The fetid slums of the northern manufacturing towns were not unknown to him. How much more salubrious was the pure wild air of Whindale.

And all the while, the Whinburn ran down the moors, a strong regular water supply which textile mill-owners in towns would gladly pay thousands of pounds for. It would be the easiest thing in the world to run a mill by a water-wheel and water-power. Then the Whindale men could work in their own valley.

Why should they not work in their own mill, too? thought Dr. Archibald enthusiastically.

And so the idea of the Whinhead Mutual Spinning Company was born.

At first, when the doctor began to lay his project before the men of Whindale, they received it with some scepticism. Aye, it would be grand if there were a spinning mill in upper Whindale; aye, the Whinburn ran pretty well as strong up here as it did down the valley in Roebuck Foot, where there were several mills run by water-power. But it would cost thousands of pounds to build one and fit it up in Whinhead, right out in the wilds.

"It's only three miles or so from High Roebuck," said Dr. Tom impatiently. "The stone is here, right on the spot. We could buy the

Continued on page 30



Daniel O'Prunty rushed to the farm to fetch Eli Boocock. There was a look of horror on his face



Richard Turk helps a visitor to feed swans. Accustomed to being fed by admirers, the birds often steal anglers' bait. They have a passion for bread



During the traditional swan voyage each July, crews of watermen birds so that they cannot fly away, and take a census. Turk says

Red carpet for swans

by JOHN ENNIS

The stately birds on the Thames share in London's pomp and ceremony. Grooming them for the part keeps three men busy

A FEW WEEKS AGO, Richard Turk, a sprightly man of eighty, answered his telephone and heard the excited caller say that he had seen a swan with a length of fishing line dangling from its beak in the River Thames above Kingston Bridge. Turk, a Kingston boatbuilder, boarded one of his boats and rowed out.

He found the swan—a fully grown cob—and manoeuvred his boat so as to force it into the bank. Careful to avoid a blow from its powerful wings, he grabbed the long neck and pulled the swan into his boat.

Holding the bird's neck between his ankles, he swiftly lifted its feet to its back and tied them together so that its legs held its wings still. He rowed back through the bridge to the riverside site where his family have lived for two hundred years, and took the swan to an enclosure behind his house. There, by a small artificial pond, he pushed his fingers down the swan's throat until he felt the fish hook that the bird had swallowed. Gently, he turned the

hook and, holding the barbed point between his fingers, drew it out. Then he took the swan back to the river, untied its legs, and let it go.

Earlier this year, Turk was called to a reach of the Thames near Chertsey, where he found a swan had a fish hook so far down its gullet that he could not reach it with his fingers. Often when this happens he can do no more than cut the line and hope that the hook will rust away without causing more injury than a sore throat. On this occasion, Turk could feel the position of the hook from the outside. He decided to operate.

First he removed a few feathers at the place where the hook lay. Then with a sharp knife he made an incision three-quarters of an inch long in the gristly, almost bloodless, neck. He removed the hook and sewed up the wound with needle and thread. For a fortnight he kept the swan in his enclosure, then he took it back to its reach of the river and watched it gracefully rejoin its waiting mate.

All swans on the Thames belong either to the

Queen or to two City of London Livery Companies, the Worshipful Company of Vintners and the Worshipful Company of Dyers. For more than fifty years Richard Turk has been swan marker to the Vintners who, on ceremonial occasions, call him "Mr. Swan." His brother Frederick, aged seventy-five, is the Queen's swan keeper, and fifty-year-old Leonard Robinson is swan marker to the Dyers. The three men share the job of caring for the Thames swans.

When Richard Turk first became swan marker, there was little work attached to the honorary title with its small salary. Today, each of the three expects to be called out to deal with about three emergencies a week. "This job can only be done by a man who is his own master, able to leave whenever he is called," says Turk.

Accustomed to being fed by an admiring public, swans regularly take anglers' bait. They are often hit by oars and motor-boat propellers. They fly over bridges and crash into buses. They fly into telegraph wires. They land in busy streets and, because they can take off only from water, are unable to escape.

Robinson recently had to climb through a trapdoor to rescue a swan that had landed on the flat roof of a public house in Richmond, Surrey. He put the bird in a carpenter's wide-mouthed tool bag, with its head at one end and its feet at the other, and tied the handles of the bag over its back. Once he was telephoned at midnight by a policeman, who told him that a swan was wandering in Chiswick High Road. When he heard that six policemen were on the spot, he said: "Grab him and sling him in the river."

The policeman replied: "We're not going near him, guv'nor." They sent a car for Robinson who took the swan back to the Thames.

In spite of the policemen's fears, Robinson and the Turk brothers insist that swans are not normally aggressive. When frightened, however, they can be dangerous. They look upon dogs as natural enemies, and if they find a dog swimming, they will try to drown it by beating it under the surface with their wings.

Two years ago, Richard Turk saw a girl in a bathing suit swim into the water to try to save



mark cygnets to indicate who owns them, pinion that there are about 1,500 swans on the Thames



At the industrial end of the Thames, swans soon lose their snowy whiteness. Turk (second from right) once led the round-up of sixty swans for cleaning after they had been covered in oil

her dog when it was attacked by an angry cob. Turk knew that the cob, whose pen had a brood of cygnets nearby, might drown the girl too. He rowed out and held off the swan while the girl rescued her dog.

Frederick Turk's daughter was once gashed in the head by a blow from a swan's wing. When Turk's wife was helping him to catch a swan, the bird dodged him, and his wife grabbed it. It gave her a black eye with its wing. Frederick Turk has advice for swimmers attacked by swans. "Splash," he says. "Swans hate being splashed."

Cut Wings Stop Them Flying.

The three swan keepers blame their increasing duties on the existence of the telephone and a large increase in the number of swans. A manageable number of swans on the Thames between London and Oxford would be three hundred, says Richard Turk. Officially there are now about eight hundred, but Turk is willing to bet that the true population is nearer 1,500.

A rough count is made each July, when for a week the three men lead crews of watermen on an annual swan voyage. According to its parentage, each cygnet is marked with tiny nicks on its beak to indicate its owner. At the same time, the swan keepers pinion the young birds by cutting small knuckles from the tips of the right wings where the flight feathers would later grow. Without these feathers, a swan cannot fly successfully, and a pinioned bird soon gives up trying.

To keep the numbers down, the swan keepers visit nests in the spring and remove some of the eggs. "We have to leave at least two, or the pen will lay another batch," says Turk. A bigger source of new arrivals are the flooded gravel pits in the Thames valley. Here swans breed, unchecked and unpunished. When the cygnets are nine months old, their parents drive them away. Most fly clumsily to settle in the Thames.

Many Thames swans are given away to people who own suitable stretches of water. Ten years ago, Richard Turk sent a pair to a military school in Berkshire where there is a mile-long

lake. Today, there are twenty swans there, and the school is trying to give some of them away in its turn.

Swans that make their homes at the industrial end of the Thames soon lose their snowy beauty. Two years ago, Richard Turk led a group of officers of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to round up sixty swans that had become covered in black oil from the bilges of ships. With rowing boats, the men cornered the birds in a creek and blocked the entrance with a barge. Turk and the men captured the sixty swans one by one and tied their legs. Then they took the birds to the R.S.P.C.A. centre at Putney, where experts cleaned off the oil.

Afterwards the swans had to be kept out of the river for a week. The cleaning process removes the natural grease that normally covers their feathers. Without this, the feathers become waterlogged and the birds almost sink. They replace the grease by rubbing their heads on a tiny grease duct in the middle of their backs, and transferring the grease from the head to all parts of the body.

In their somewhat contradictory task of preserving the lives of creatures that are growing too numerous to handle, the three Thames swan keepers are usually successful. There was a sad ending, however, to a rescue attempt that Robinson made two years ago.

Called by a gas company, he found that a swan had fallen into a disused fifty-foot tank. When he climbed the ladder up the side, Robinson saw that the domed top of the tank had largely rusted away. The swan was floating forty feet below, in a mixture of water, tar, oil and ammonia.

Robinson called the fire brigade, but the firemen were unable to get their equipment close enough to the tank. Realizing that after floating in the noxious liquid the swan would have to be destroyed, Robinson announced that the only solution was to shoot it. A gas company official quickly reminded him that no firearms could be used on the premises.

In the dark of a winter's evening, an R.S.P.C.A. officer loaded a powerful argun

which his society had authorized him to buy for £8. While Robinson directed a torch on the suffering bird, the R.S.P.C.A. man took aim. He hit the swan in the head with his fifth shot.

Swans feed on the weed that grows abundantly on the bed of the Thames. They will also eat grass, and the leaves of low-hanging riverside willows. They have a passion for the bread that is thrown them. "Like giving sweets to children."

Robinson once lived in a houseboat by Tagg's Island, near Hampton Court. A pair of swans there used to lift a mooring ring with their beaks and let it fall like a door-knocker against the boat when they wanted food.

When swans mate, they remain together for their life-span of about twelve years. They leave the group of unmated swans and find a stretch of river where they live and nest every year. At each end of a pair's reach of river, they set up an invisible boundary inside which other swans are not welcomed.

Following complaints that one pair had been attacking ducks, Richard Turk moved them twenty miles up river. "Within a week they were back on their chosen reach," he says.

Smuggles The Cygnets Back

Turk has found that parents do not welcome back a cygnet that he has handled while treating it for an injury. They drive it away, or they may even try to kill it. Though he has no proof, he strongly suspects that they fail to recognize the cygnet as their own because its scent has changed through human contact. He solves this problem by returning the cygnet at night, while the rest of its family sleep.

"It nestles close to the other cygnets, and next morning the parents accept it as before," he says.

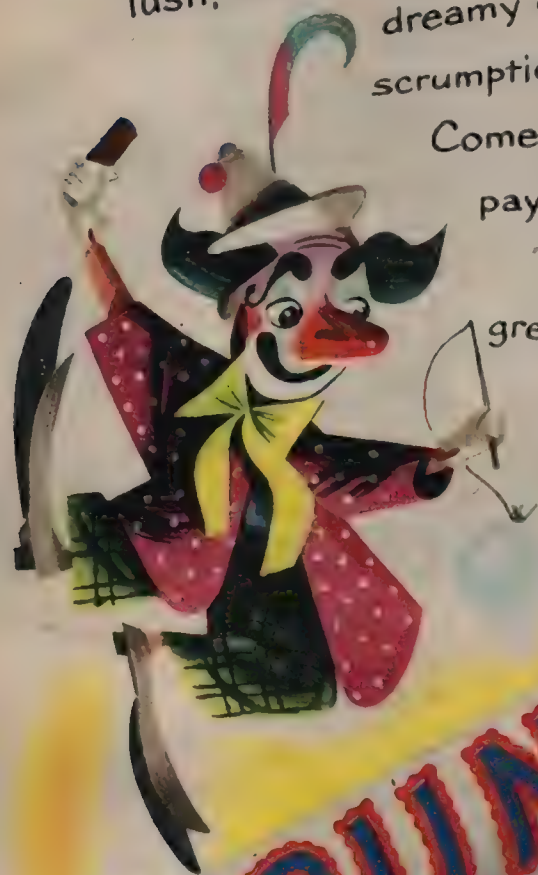
Three years ago, he took home a cygnet that had become separated from its parents. It used to follow his wife about and curl itself round her neck when she sat in a chair. When it was big enough to fend for itself, Turk took it to the river. It followed him back home. "In the end," he says, "I had to take it away and lose it."

THE END

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Sir Philip admires the collection of toy soldiers owned by actor Tony Quinn (right). Traditional armies were designed to fight conventional battles, he says. There would be no time to muster reserves for modern war

Why not abolish conscription?

by Air Chief Marshal Sir PHILIP JOUBERT

For defence against atomic attack, Britain needs highly skilled fighting men, quick on the draw. In the new model forces, says Sir Philip, there's no place for the National Service amateurs

EARLIER THIS SUMMER, the air forces of Nato carried out a test of their ability to defend Europe against a full-scale attack with atomic weapons. The test was very satisfactory. It confirmed, in military detail, what we all knew in general terms, that a European war fought with these weapons would be "short and horrible." The vital thing that the exercise showed was just how short such a war would be.

It was clearly demonstrated that one or other of the opposing air forces would be destroyed within a few days, and that the result would have been decided even earlier.

For this view there is the authority of the

Chief of Operations, Allied Air Forces Central Europe, Air Commodore P. G. Wykeham-Barnes. He said that, had the number of atomic attacks simulated been real, one of the combatants would have suffered fatal damage within two days.

Clearly, therefore, the only defence forces which would be of the slightest use to this country, or any other, in a major war fought with atomic weapons, would be those already at action stations, alerted and able to operate at a few minutes' notice. And they would need to be forces of hand-picked and highly trained men.

What use, then, are the reserves? What is

the point of having the second-line squadrons of the Royal Air Force, the naval and army reserves and, above all, the Territorial Army, composed of men scattered in civilian jobs and fed by National Servicemen recalled after their two years of call-up?

There is a bigger question still. What use is conscription?

After the Nato exercises, the Services—and the nation—have to revise their ideas on recruiting. They have to decide whether to continue the existing makeshift combination of conscript and regular forces, or whether to abolish conscription in favour of highly skilled, long-service, regular troops, and to pay the price to get them.

Air Commodore Wykeham-Barnes's statement about the two-day war must, indeed, have prompted questions in thousands of British homes. Conscription into the armed forces is not popular in any part of the world, and probably least of all in Britain, where there is no long-established principle of compulsory military service in peacetime.

On the other hand, nowhere are the young men readier to do what is necessary to defend their country. In every generation, when the need has arisen, they have come forward. The young men of today are no different from their elder brothers and their fathers. They are still prepared to do what is necessary, whatever the cost, to defend Britain against attack.

What they, and their parents, are asking is whether they are now paying the price for eternal vigilance uselessly.

For the price is considerable. Apart from the sons of families with a tradition of military service, who are a minority, most boys see the call-up as an unwelcome interruption of their civilian careers, often at times of vital

Continued on page 28

The Good Thief

by ARTHUR MAYSE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIVE UPTON

Father Jerome had told him to help this stubborn couple. And, by Saint Dismas, he'd do just that—whether they liked it or not

WITH ONE EYE PEELED for any lurking police launch, Tommy Bostonais eased his rowing-boat through the last of the Finback Narrows, and went quietly out to Nishka Channel. The vessel which drifted athwart his course wasn't government grey but soiled white. Not even the August smoke haze of British Columbia could disguise that hull's unique ugliness.

A dismayed "Wah!" quivered Cultus Tommy's moustaches. There were times when it was even-steven which was worse met—the police or Father Jerome in his mission boat, Mainadieu.

Conscience prodded the chunky little Indian, but the nudge was half-hearted only. With the entire calendar of saints to call on, the priest would soon have his lame engine kicking again.

Tommy executed what he hoped was an unobtrusive change of direction, veering towards the inshore reefs where haze lay thickest. He was almost to safety when a hail floated across: "Boat, ho! Lend a ha-a-aand!"

Tommy rested on his oars while his cargo, the sheep he had stolen the night before, stared up at him with a glazed but accusing eye. If he dumped it, Father Jerome was sure to see, and ask awkward questions. He tugged a tarpaulin over the carcass, and, reluctantly, pulled out to the mission boat.

"Praise be to St. Dismas," Father Jerome greeted him. "I'm sure he must have sent you!" His prow of a nose carried a grease smudge. He wiped his hands briskly on his dungarees seat. "It's the fuel line, I think, Tommy, or perhaps the carburettor."

"Or maybe you got no fuel," Tommy suggested. He clambered up. Father Jerome peered over his shoulder, passing the wrong tool on demand, aiding with unsolicited and fantastically erroneous advice.

As Tommy had suspected from his first heave on the flywheel, the trouble lay in the sparking-plugs. He set to on them with knife and sandpaper; if his luck held, the priest and he would soon be under way on opposite headings.

The hope died at birth.

"As a matter of fact," Father Jerome said, "I've been meaning to look you up, Tommy." His mild blue gaze lifted from the rowing-boat nuzzling Mainadieu's flank. "I suspect it's high time we had a chat."

Tommy shot a glance at his tarpaulin. A hoof was sticking out from it. The knife point slipped, nicking his thumb.

"Well, Fadder," he mumbled, "what I figured, I'd keep all that till after the salmon. Confess 'em in a job lot, sort of."

"To the best of my limited understanding," Father Jerome told him dryly, "God offers no rebate on sins in job lots. Now, if you've finished with that plug, I think we'll go below."

Some few minutes later, unburdened but apprehensive, Tommy waited for the axe of penance to fall. Father Jerome deliberated, withdrawn behind his spectacles. When at last he

spoke, his voice was gentle but charged with authority.

"On Kyri Island," he said, "you will find a man and a woman, Willi Hagandorf and his wife Lena, the saddest of God's creatures. They are without friends, if one excepts Custis Hodder, who sold them a fishing outfit at his usual brigand's price. Unless help comes to them soon, they'll be starving. You, Tommy, will go to the Hagandorfs. You will guide, counsel and aid them, not leaving them until your own conscience tells you their need is past."

"Aw, Fadder!" Tommy's fierce moustaches drooped. The creases in his sinister face deepened, his eyes puckered, he looked ready to cry. With a pair of lame ducks to tend, he was bound to lose considerable fishing time. "Heck, lifting that mutton from Hodder's place ain't what you'd call proper stealing. I know for a certain fact Custis an' his brothers hooked those sheep themselves off Finback Island. Ain't there some other way I can square it?"

"If you prefer," said Father Jerome relentlessly, "you can give yourself up to the police. Thirty days your last sheep cost you, as I remember. For a second offence I expect you'll draw ninety." His tone was amiable once more, light and cheerful. "No doubt there'd be time off for good behaviour."

The three Hodder brothers had no more traffic with the law than need be, but with virtue on their side for once, they might just lay charges. Between doing good work for those squareheads on Kyri he might salvage something from the run, whereas he couldn't catch salmon in jail.

"Okay," Tommy capitulated. "You got me licked. I'll shove on down to Kyri Island."

Refusing the wilderness priest's invitation to stay for refreshment, he descended dourly into his boat. The name of the saint Father Jerome had credited with fetching him to Mainadieu was gone from Tommy's head, but as he dipped the oars he reproached that one bitterly under his breath: *Nex' time his leaky old wagon needs monkeying with, s'pose you just do your own dirty work!*

AFTER a single measuring glance, Tommy paid the couple on Kyri Island no attention. He smarted still from his encounter with Father Jerome. Also, he was tired and very hungry.

With practised magic he transformed tarpaulin and drift poles into a shelter. Presently flames licked orange through the driftwood he had collected, and the scent of frying chops wafted along the foreshore.

From the ramshackle skiff and frayed tent, he had read the Hagandorfs' story. Each summer, Custis Hodder sold that same ancient rig to pilgrims fresh off the steamer at Nishka Landing; suckers who'd heard there was good money to be made handlining salmon. Each fall Custis bought skiff and camp gear back, usually for no more than the price of a meal and steamer fare to Vancouver.

In the right place, at the right time, a man

could make a few dollars still, even though handlining wasn't what it used to be. But not since the war years, when they marked the channel off as a bombing range, had there been a coho salmon run to Kyri.

Turning chops with his knife, Tommy ventured another inspection. Better if he slept with his wallet in his sock tonight—this Willi Hagandorf was a pretty rough-looking character. Father Jerome had laid it on the line, though; he might as well get started on his penance.

Tommy plunked the skillet on a hot rock, set water to boil in a blackened pail, and crunched along the shingle to the neighbouring camp.

His face crinkled in a contortion intended for a smile. "You folks et yet?"

"Thank you," the big man answered frostily. "My wife and I have eaten."

"Too bad," Tommy said. The mound of newly opened clamshells beyond their fire hadn't escaped him. A starvation set-up if ever he'd seen one. "Seems like my eyes was bigger than my belly. I've went an' cooked up more'n I can handle." He grinned again, exposing stained tusks that would grace a sea-lion. "Sure you ain't got room for a bite more?"

LENA HAGANDORF, a plain little woman, who looked as if she should be home in a well-stocked kitchen, ran her tongue around her lips. She opened her mouth as if to speak but, at her husband's frown, closed it again.

"We are quite sure," Willi Hagandorf said in his gruff, chill voice.

Silence dropped like a cloud. Tommy scraped to make conversation. "A mighty nice tune," he offered. "The one you been whistling."

As if a wasp had jabbed him, Willi surged off his driftlog. He loomed over Tommy, a big-boned, ragged man with light hair badly in need of cutting, and bright blue eyes that had forgotten how to smile. "There is something about my whistling? You don't care for it, perhaps?"

"I like it fine!" Tommy protested. He shuffled a backward step, and another. "Well, I got meat hung in the tree yonder. If you want it, just whack yourselves off a chunk."

Sweating, he retreated to his fly-camp. These crazy people might need a hand, but they sure as hell didn't want it. Nothing in Father Jerome's instructions had covered a situation like this. He wished now, settling to his mutton chops with considerably diminished appetite, that he hadn't been saucy to the saint with the odd name. It didn't pay a man to get fresh with a saint, even one he'd never heard tell of before.

The crashing leaps of salmon troubled Tommy's slumber. When he rolled from his blankets to stand yawning and scratching in the cool dawnlight, he found his dreams had been given substance and stared amazedly. The salmon had struck in. They frolicked down the channel, big autumn coho, fat and husky, such a run as Kyri hadn't seen for years.

"Fish in!" he called and ran to his boat.

His bellow, directed at the patched wall tent



Willi and Hagandorf fought wildly on the beach. Lena rushed upon them, shrieking, and with tears streaming down her face

down the beach, outdid the clamour of the gulls.

Tommy's boat took the water in a single glide, and shot towards the mouth of the cove. He caught some small fish as bait and hooked up his lines. Out of a run such as this even a green-horn like Hagandorf should make a killing. Those two would no longer need help from him.

There was time only for one belated twinge of conscience before the starboard line yanked hard at his leg. Tommy began to haul fish.

Three hours later and forty dollars richer, he paused from the massacre to roll a cigarette. He had shed sweater and short rubber boots. His shirt tail hung over his belt, his bait can was empty, and his leathery palms burned from the friction of hard-laid cotton line.

The big run, he saw, was no longer his alone. A thirty-foot motor boat with scarred green hull chunked asthmatically along.

Tommy grinned. Those Hodder rascals!

Swivelling, he squinted at the strangers' camp. Willi Hagandorf stood in his skiff, small against the satiny blue, raking minnows. He

looked like a housewife swatting mice with a broom. Tommy slid the oars through the rowlocks and jogged in towards him. As he drew alongside, he gaped in disbelief. The skiff was empty of salmon, not a scale, not a fin.

"So?" Red-faced and perspiring, Willi frowned down at him.

"I thought——" Tommy said unhappily "——the way you're doing I figured maybe you could use a hand."

BUT Willi ordered him away. "Please go. You make of yourself a nuisance. I don't need your help. I've been warned about you!" Willi jabbed with his rake in the direction of the slattern motor boat. "When they sold us potatoes yesterday morning, those gentlemen told us to beware of a notorious thief, an ugly little aboriginal who would steal from me even my teeth if the chance were given. Go away, I tell you. Make yourself vanish before I do you harm!"

Tommy sat and sputtered. Father Jerome

had dropped the impossible on him. Better to have three months in the digger than try to guide, counsel and aid this stubborn, stupid madman.

"You think helping you was my idea?" He found his voice in a windy roar, his black eyes glittered under near-Neanderthal brows. "Mister, I don't want no part of you. Maybe I'm ugly, but you ain't no picture-book yourself, and when it comes to stealing, them fancy friends of yours yonder could teach me a few lessons. Custis Hodder, he got booted out of the army for lifting a tank and selling it in pieces."

Tommy's moustaches flared as he sucked in breath. "And you just call me one more dirty name like that aboriginal and so help me, I'll bust an oar on your jackass head!"

"This Custis Hodder was in your army?" Willi Hagandorf scowled still, but his wrath seemed to have departed.

Tommy didn't reply. Digging at the water

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Torture by spirits at Wuhan's wedding

The bride was hiding until we shouted for her to join her husband. She had to watch his ordeal as we challenged him in the deadly ritual of the Chinese drinking games

THE QUEEN OF LOTIEN was smiling at me. "Perhaps we could get married," she said. I pretended to be shocked, explained that I was too old and she too young. She was lovely and looked about eighteen. She had just divorced her sixth husband and had come to Likiang in search of a seventh.

Likiang was my Shangri-la, a paradise hidden high up in the robber-haunted Nanshan Mountains of south-west China; it was linked with the outside world only by hazardous caravan trails. I had been sent to the town a few years before, in 1941, by the Chungking Government, to organize industrial co-operatives

among the poorer people—the weavers and the craftsmen.

My projects in Likiang were successful and I made many friends there. My early medical training helped, for I obtained a supply of drugs and turned my office into a free surgery for minor ailments. People came to me from all over the region; some were sick, others merely curious to see what kind of man I was. One such visitor was the Queen Awouchin of Lotien. She brought a soldier with her—one of her admirers—and when he heard her propose to me, he gave me a threatening look.

"A foreign husband would give me a lot of prestige," she said. "And you would have a

comfortable life with much money to spend."

"What about your soldier?" I whispered. She laughed. "That is nothing. He is only a friend," and she rose to go.

"Well, I will think it over," I said, not wishing to disappoint royalty. I escorted her downstairs. Back in my general office, my secretary was smiling broadly.

"That was Her Majesty the Queen Awouchin of Lotien," I announced proudly.

"I know her well," he replied.

"Is it true that she is only eighteen?"

He laughed outright. "Twenty-six at least."

"What about the soldier?" I asked.

"He is clearly a candidate to be her next

Wuhan and his wife after their marriage. He won prestige at the ceremony by appearing in the author's best suit, although it was much too small for him



husband," my secretary said, "otherwise why should she drag him along?"

The next day I was surprised by a visit from the handsome soldier himself. He came straight up to my room, sat down and unfastened a leather pouch. Then he took out two small bars of solid silver and laid them before me.

"What are these?" I asked uneasily.

"They are my present to you if you will keep away from the queen," he said simply. I felt my face becoming red.

"I love her," he went on, looking me straight in the eye, "and I hope that she will choose me for her next husband."

"But where do I come in?" I was trying my best to get it clear.

"Well, she is serious about marrying you. She thinks a foreign husband would be an experience and would add to her power."

I took the silver bars and replaced them in the pouch. Then I handed it back to the soldier and filled two cups with wine. I said to him solemnly: "My dear friend, I am not Adonis and please do not consider me to be your rival for royal favours." We took a sip of wine, then I continued: "I shall never marry your queen, not because she is not beautiful, but because I do not want to spend my life in Lotien."

He brightened considerably, but still tried to give me the silver. I led him gently downstairs. He came back that evening and presented me with a jar of my favourite wine; but the Queen of Lotien never came back.

THE Tibetan population of Likiang was considerable. The Tibetans always preferred to live in the houses near Double Stone Bridge which spanned the Likiang river; they enjoyed an importance and standing quite out of proportion to their numbers. Tibetan merchants and dignitaries occupied the best houses and there was no service which the local people would not perform to make them comfortable and contented.

When all its coastline was in Japanese hands and Burma was being overrun, China was left with only two channels for commerce from the outside world. One was from Lhasa to Likiang. Being born traders, the Tibetans—members of the government, great and small lamas, abbots of lamaseries and lesser lights—did not hesitate to take this golden opportunity.

All available financial resources were mobilized and even a sizeable portion of the Dalai Lama's private fortune was invested in the great venture.

Tibetan merchants went to Calcutta and bought every kind of merchandise—sewing machines, textiles, cigarettes, whisky, tins of paraffin, dyes and chemicals—anything that would sell and could be carried by yak or mule. This merchandise was taken up to Lhasa where it jammed the courtyards of the palaces and lamaseries while an army of professional packers got it ready for the three-month journey to Likiang.

To survive the trip in sun and rain, over rocky trails and across the highest mountains on earth, the goods were put in compact piles, wrapped in wool mats, then carefully sewn up in wet hides.

As the hides dried, they squeezed each bundle to a taut mass that could be dropped, thrown, shaken or sat on without injury to the goods inside.

MULES and yaks in thousands took part in Operation Caravan, and almost every week long strings of beasts arrived in Likiang. Business was so good that not even the rainy seasons stopped the merchants. In spite of swamped trails, swollen rivers and mist-wrapped mountains, the traffic went on, while many travellers were buried under landslides or swept away by raging torrents. This sudden expansion of caravan traffic between India and China through Tibet will always be, to me, one of the greatest

adventures of mankind. No complete story has ever been written about it.

Apart from the rainy season, there were hazards like the powerful bands of Hsiangchen brigands who waylaid the caravans from Lhasa. These men silenced any witnesses and took the loot to their mountain lairs, repacked it and reloaded the yaks. Then the robber chief, splendidly dressed, entered Likiang as a rich merchant at the head of a large caravan. No questions were asked and no explanations given. The merchant sold his goods, gave lavish parties and acquired merit by rich gifts to the local lamaseries.

I HAD an encounter with one of these bandit traders. A friend told me that a very rich and powerful Hsiangchen lama had arrived in Likiang and was staying in great state at one of the palatial mansions. My friend thought that it would be interesting for me to call on him and pay my respects. Lowering his voice, he added that the lama was the head of a large lamasery, the members of which were notorious brigands. He and his monks had waylaid and plundered a caravan of 150 horses a few months ago; now he had brought the stolen goods to sell in Likiang.

With my friend I went to the house where the brigand lama was staying. After passing through a labyrinth of corridors and verandas we were shown into a spacious room where the great man sat cross-legged on the rich rugs spread over a platform. Contrary to my expectation, he did not rise to receive me, but motioned to me to sit down on the rug next to him, evidently not considering me of sufficient importance to be worthy of a display of good manners.

The man was huge and extremely strong. He looked at me with searching eyes. He wore a silk jacket of golden-yellow colour, signifying that he was indeed a lama, and the wine-red lama robe was wrapped round his waist.

My friend told him who I was and about my work in Likiang. Seeing that I was not a missionary or a government investigator, his manner changed; his eyes became friendly and he talked jovially about this and that. Finally he shouted a sharp command to one of the attendant monks, and the man rushed out of the room.

"I like you both," he roared. "Let us drink wine!"

The monk returned with a jar full of white wine, cups were immediately produced and we started toasting each other, munching dried yak meat.

A week later we heard that the brigand lama's sales were going very well indeed under the able direction of Madame Ho in her capacity as a shrewd and well-connected merchandise broker. She made thousands on the deal, for she skillfully beat down the lama with discreet innuendoes as to the origin of his goods.

A STIR was always created in Likiang by the arrival of members of the Liukhi, a matriarchic tribe living seven days' caravan journey to the north. Whenever these men and women passed through the market on their shopping expeditions there was indignant whispering with giggling and squeals from the Likiang women and girls, and salacious remarks from the men.

The Liukhi were the inhabitants of the Yungning duchies across the Yangtze River. The structure of their society was entirely matriarchal. Property passed from mother to daughter. Each woman had several husbands and the children always cried: "We have mamma but no papa." The mother's husbands were addressed as uncles, and a husband was allowed to stay on only as long as he pleased the woman; if he did not, he could be thrown out without much ceremony.

The Yungning country was a land of free love



Goullart (right) at a Likiang co-operative. Born in Russia, he escaped in 1918 to Shanghai, where he became an antique dealer and tourist guide



A ceremony at Shangri Moupo lamasery. In the hermitage nearby, young lamas are locked up for three years to meditate on one sacred word



A Black Lolo family. They are ruthless fighters and quick to take offence. Goullart found that if he had kissed the hand of a Lolo woman, he would have been killed instantly for his familiarity



A Tibetan woman from Hsiangchen in the market at caravan robbers who dress as prosperous merchants

and all the efforts of the Liukhi women were concentrated on enticing more lovers in addition to their husbands.

Whenever a Tibetan caravan or a party of strangers was passing through Yungning, these women decided secretly where each man should stay. The woman then ordered her husbands to disappear and not to reappear till called. She and her daughters prepared a feast and danced for the guest. Afterwards the older woman bade him make a choice between ripe experience and foolish youth.

When they came to my surgery, their brazenness always gave my neighbours an excuse for teasing me afterwards.

They were a handsome race, tall and stately, with finely formed bodies and attractive faces. The women wore long, full blue skirts, with a red sash, and a black fur jacket and a hat. With their lips heavily rouged and eyes painted, they walked slowly through the streets swaying their hips, smiling amorously at this man or that. It was enough to incense the less sophisticated Nakhi women.

THE Liukhi men appeared to be vain creatures, always preening and examining themselves in the mirror. They put rouge on their lips and powdered their cheeks and sometimes called at my place not so much for medical treatment as to inquire if I could give them some scent, powder or a cheap ornament. Turning round in front of me, they would inquire whether they looked attractive enough. This was not effeminacy but vanity and a desire to keep themselves spruce and smart-looking in the

luxurious way that appealed to their womenfolk.

One morning, not long after my arrival in Likang, I was passing along a street and came to a little square with an old, shady tree. Enormous pink roses cascaded from its branches and their scent was overpowering. A group of young men stood round admiring the blooms. They were Nakhi, the chief tribe of Likang. They all smiled at me.

"What beautiful flowers!" I commented in Chinese. They started talking to me, and I noticed that one of them had red and swollen eyes. I persuaded him to come back to my house, where I administered Argyrol, an effective eye medicine, and gave him a small bottle of it to take home.

"No money and such kindness," commented the young men afterwards. One of them was tall and athletic; he was particularly friendly and said his name was Wuhan and that the boy with the sore eyes was his cousin. They lived in a village down the valley.

A week later, Wuhan brought me a small pot of honey and some fresh eggs. In spite of his protests, I persuaded him to stay for lunch. I learned later that he was afraid that he would have to eat a European meal with knife and fork, which he did not know how to handle. When we sat down to an informal Chinese meal with chopsticks, he relaxed. Later he invited me to his home.

My visit there was a great success. Wuhan's mother, a sweet old woman, was all smiles to greet me. The meal, which took a long time to prepare, was served in the courtyard of the house. The other guests and I started with

small fried fish, like sprats, and beautifully browned potato slices. Everything was served in saucers.

There followed pieces of roast chicken, fried walnuts, salted duck eggs, stewed eggplant, sauerkraut and sliced ham. Each time a new dish was brought by Wuhan's mother I thought it was the end of the feast—until something else was put on the table.

And all the time we were drinking, toasting each other and laughing.

AFTERWARDS, Wuhan suggested a walk in the mountains, and we climbed up through the dense pine forest until we came to a place where all kinds of mushrooms were pushing their way out of the short grass between flowering bushes. Some were short and fat and looked like pink coral, others were like hard-boiled eggs stuck into the ground, the cracked shell showing a glimpse of orange yolk inside. We gathered mushrooms and flowers and returned to the village as the sun was setting.

There was a bed for me in Wuhan's house. The Nakhi always shut all the windows of their bedrooms, and a charcoal brazier was put near the bed.

I horrified my friends by removing the fire and opening the windows risking, as they said, a mortal cold or the intrusion of evil spirits.

A year or two later I stayed with Wuhan again—this time for his wedding. Every member of my household had received one of the red invitation cards, and there were long consultations about the amount of cash to be sent as gifts, what clothes to wear and how to



Likiang. Her home is the headquarters of the and come down to Likiang to sell their plunder

arrange attendance without leaving my house totally deserted.

As it was considered extremely elegant in Likiang for a bridegroom to wear Western clothes for his wedding, I lent Wuhan one of my best suits, a shirt and a tie. He was taller than I, but this did not make much difference, for the suit was far more important than the fit.

The bride arrived by palanquin at two o'clock in the afternoon. Fireworks were let off, she jumped ceremonially over the fire in the courtyard and the feasting began at once, while the bride went into the bridal chamber, where she remained for most of the celebrations. A special marriage ceremony was rare among the Nakhi; the fact that the bride entered the bridegroom's house publicly was a sufficient guarantee that she was his lawful wife.

I SAT with Wuhan's friends and family, and we had a glorious time eating, drinking and joking. At the end of the feast there was a cry that the bride should join her husband. After a show of resistance she appeared from her chamber and sat by Wuhan. Both were now wearing Nakhi dress.

Then began a great inquisition which I can only call a torture by spirits. Every friend challenged Wuhan to drink with him. He could only avoid this by superior knowledge of the famous Chinese drinking games; the loser had to empty his cup as a forfeit. Poor Wuhan was none too clever at the games. He didn't know the answers to the riddles and was not good at guessing how many fingers his opponent would thrust out at the word "Show." He had to



From his house Goullart looked across Likiang valley, where nightingales sang, to the great Snow Mountain. In the hills live strange tribes like the Liukhi, whose women each keep several husbands

drink many cups, particularly as the small boys proved to be adept challengers.

Soon the house began to empty. A great bonfire had been built outside in the meadow, and the girls, their cheeks aflame with wine, had already started dancing. Soon the boys joined them.

The dance was like a conga. The boy put his hands on the leading unmarried girl's shoulders, another girl put her hands on the boy's, and so on until a long serpent of bodies slowly undulated round the fire to the tune of rhythmical singing. They walked slowly and made a side step at regular intervals. There were no musical instruments and the singing was improvised.

On and on they went, shuffling through the night without stopping, a dancer falling out from time to time for a short rest and drink of cold water. It became sheer hypnotism, this monotonous marching and the throbbing waves of sound.

Beyond the pleasure they clearly derived from the dance, there was another, subtler meaning to it which showed the good manners and delicacy of the Nakhi. These dancers, about a hundred of them, came from distant villages. They knew that all available accommodation in the bridegroom's and his neighbours' houses was taken. They had nowhere to sleep, but to have made this obvious by loitering in the house would have embarrassed the family

of the bridegroom. The dance, tiring though it was, made it appear that they were not tired at all and preferred to spend the night on their feet. Indeed, they stopped only at dawn.

The privileged guests, myself included, were concentrated on the first floor and in a few rooms downstairs. We spread our rugs on the floor, undressed and all slept together in closely packed rows. The Nakhi always slept naked, whether it was warm or not, but some of the boys stayed up all night playing mah jongg or poker, and with the singing and laughter outside and the click of mah jongg pieces there was not much opportunity for sleep.

PROBABLY the fiercest and most formidable people living in the mountainous country beyond Likiang are the Black Lolo. Their home is in the Taliangshan, an area five hundred miles long and about one hundred miles wide. I lived among them for many months. Actually the word Lolo is derogatory and should never be used to their faces. It is best to refer to them in conversation as the Black Yi, for an unfortunate word may mean instant death.

They are very tall and have a regal bearing. Their skin is not black but coffee-coloured. Their fiery eyes are large and liquid and their features are aquiline, almost Roman. Their hair is black, slightly wavy and very soft; and its

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MAKE-BELIEVE SKIPPER

by JAMES MERRIAM MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY HERBERT

In this ship their son had travelled the world. How could they ask him to sell it?

WHEN THE LAST ANGLE of July afternoon sun had passed his open window, leaving its sill smelling of hot paint, the boy with the small face peaked from heat and recent illness climbed off his bed, lifted carefully from the chest of drawers his model of the full-rigged ship *Severn Star*, and carried it to the window-ledge.

Soon the sky over Bristol would grow hazy behind steeples and housetops and factory chimneys. Then, sitting on the edge of his bed while the sheet and pillow cooled a little, he could watch the slim spars and intricate cordage of the *Severn Star* against the sky until perspective took the place of size; until he could imagine she was lying at Howrah anchorage; until chimneys and steeples became the spires and minars of Calcutta, and the cinnamon evening haze steamed up from the saffron Hooghly.

All he knew about Calcutta he had read in his mother's book, the log kept by Captain David Orne, who had built, owned and sailed the *Severn Star* out of Bristol so many years before; read with eager patience, pronouncing to himself the double s's like the f's they appeared to be, as though the words were written in a dead language he alone could translate.

Sea passages in the log were terse and sailorly, but in East Indian and China ports Captain Orne had let himself go. These were the entries that David Orne Thomas, the twelve-year-old boy in this hot bedroom of a small house in Bristol, liked best. Last winter and spring, through the queer time when he had been so ill and his father and mother and the trained nurse came and went like shadows that either swelled overwhelmingly large or swiftly shrunk even more frighteningly to miniatures, the *Severn Star* had stayed at anchor by him and sometimes grew large enough for him to come aboard.

Now he needed the ship, on the chest of drawers or the window-ledge, to go to sleep peacefully at night or in the muggy afternoons when he took the rest in bed that Doctor Williams said he must have since they weren't taking the seaside cottage in Devon this summer.

The money so carefully put by for renting the cottage had gone on his illness, which had lasted so long. His mother had become so worried and worn out by the strain of it that in the end his father had got in a trained nurse. That had soon accounted for the holiday savings.

To David, his illness was just something that had happened, but to forgo the summer cottage was his first real tragedy.

Every year, as soon as the summer term had

ended, there would be the mounting excitement of counting the days before they left for Devon—day after day after tomorrow, day after tomorrow, tomorrow. At last, in a sticky pre-dawn, the joyous, hurried dressing, packing the car, starting.

Later as they drove, with the *Severn Star* on the back seat beside him or in his lap where the road was bumpy, there would be the first sight and salt of the sea. And at Highcombe, when they at last arrived, the dashing round to the other cottages to see if the same boys were there again this year; cool, sea-wind evenings with his mother, and at weekends with his father, too.

Two weeks ago, though, his mother had put her arms round him, telling him there wouldn't be money for the cottage this year. She had asked unhappily if there was anything she and his father could do to make up for it to him. And, after he had sat realizing it for a while, he had said please could he just have the *Severn Star* home from the office where his father worked?

Tom, David's father, worked for a firm of marine insurance brokers. In the window this month there was a display of sailing ships, and Tom had reluctantly lent the *Severn Star*. But when they couldn't take the cottage and David asked for his ship—for company these hot nights—Tom had brought it home again, just this afternoon.

Now, as the light faded and he drifted into sleep, David could hear his parents' voices floating vaguely up from the living-room. It was a comfort to have his family and his ship near.

IN the stifling living-room, Mary, David's mother, sat on the sofa which had come to her, together with the model ship, when old Miss Priscilla Orne, last of the name, died.

"Tom, Mr. Howard understood about your taking the *Severn Star* back before the display was over?" she asked, a bit concerned. "I felt he was the sort who would."

"Oh, yes," Tom said. "He understood perfectly. He was very nice about it."

He stood aside from the window to let the evening light keep his wife's pale dress luminous. How pretty she looked, how crisp she had kept herself through all the worry and work of David's illness! It hadn't seemed to age her; just made her wan and fragile, like David, deepening her eyes.

The return of the model had been unexpectedly simple. "Of course, you must take the boy his ship," Mr. Howard, Tom's boss, had said at once. "It's a shame you can't

manage Highcombe for him this summer. I don't know the place myself. Tell me about it."

Eagerly Tom did so. It was only natural to extol the place where one found one's wife; always a tinge of magic there. And Howard listened, laying his glasses on the mahogany between them, watching Tom with near-sighted, kindly, appraising eyes, putting a query in now and then to keep Tom talking.

Finally Tom pulled himself up. "I'm taking a lot of your time, sir."

"You've told me a lot about yourself I wanted to know, Tom. And be sure to thank your wife and son for lending us their heirloom. Now, speaking of ships"—Howard picked up his glasses, but instead of putting them on stared out beyond Tom—"one small item of business before you leave. In the morning before you come to the office, I wish you'd go down to the Hopkins yard. See Morton, the man in charge there, and go over these arrangements." Howard sorted through a stack of



He sat there gazing at the *Severn Star*



till at last he thought he saw her at Howrah anchorage with the spires of Calcutta rising behind her and a haze steaming up from the saffron Hooghly

papers on his desk and selected a thick Manila envelope. "Get him to approve them. I'll leave minor changes to you."

The older man resumed his glasses, reached for a pad and began scribbling a note. "This will get you in to him and introduce you. By the way"—still writing, not looking up—"he was in the office this morning. Very much interested in your model of the first *Severn Star*. You'll probably see why when you get down to his yard tomorrow."

And Tom had left the office, the envelope with the note inside under his arm and the *Severn Star* carried carefully in both hands. Now, at home in the living-room, he was telling Mary what Howard had said.

"What sort of man is this Mr. Morton at the shipyard?" she wanted to know. "Why was he so interested in our model?"

Tom stopped above her to draw a finger along the meticulous white line where her dark hair parted. "I've never met him, but I believe

he's a retired admiral or something of the sort."

She was thoughtful for a while. And then she said: "Tom, when you go down there tomorrow, remember we'd do almost anything to get David to the sea. You've got my consent, of course, for anything you decide to do." She looked up at him. "Shall we have supper now?"

"If the kitchen's cooled off enough for you."

"It's not too bad, really." But she was glad of his hand to pull her up from the sofa.

NEXT morning Tom went down to the shipyard. He went into the office building. Mr. Morton had someone with him just then, but his secretary took in Tom's envelope. Tom waited in the outer office, looking out at the slipways and scaffolding along the water's edge.

On one of the slips a grey steel merchant ship was almost ready for launching—a combined cargo and passenger ship, by the look of her. Under the over-arching bows workmen were

putting up the wooden rail of a platform. And suddenly, under the flare of her bows, Tom saw the vessel's name in precise black lettering. The name was *Severn Star*.

"He'll see you now, sir," the secretary said, and showed him into the inner office.

Morton was reading the note Howard had slipped into the Manila envelope. Bent over it, his thick hair curled like steel shavings reamed from a lathe, bronze cheeks, steel-grey eyes when he looked up at Tom—a metallic, hammered-out man, slim-forged and vibrant. It was easy to believe he had been an admiral.

"We'll attend to these agreements in a moment," he said, "but first of all Howard says you're the owner of that model of the first *Severn Star*. Did you buy it somewhere?"

"No, sir. It came to my wife through her family."

"Oh, damn," Morton growled. "I'd hoped —" He jumped up from the desk and led

Continued on page 41

Hermione Gingold, horror comic

by JOHN HARMAN

She's been a bow-legged 'cellist, and radio's witch. "I'm a ghoul," she says, trimming a cocktail hat with prawns



ON A WARM EVENING five summers ago Hermione Gingold, Britain's leading revue actress, entered the Palm Beach Casino at Cannes, and instantly became the centre of attention.

The casino, which is one of the most fashionable and gayest places on the French Riviera, had a custom that everyone must dress in white. Gingold's six male escorts were accordingly wearing white dinner jackets. She, however, was entirely in black. Her blonde hair was hidden by a high mantilla of black lace; she wore a full-skirted black velvet gown and carried a large black handbag.

Flashing a wide, innocent smile which defied the management to protest, she walked with immense dignity to a prominent table.

"Her choice of refreshment caused a further flutter," says Rawdon Conyers, one of her escorts. "All the other people were drinking iced champagne. Gingold asked in a loud voice for a pot of tea and seven cups."

Hermione Ferdinanda Gingold displays a militant wit in her performances off-stage as well as in the theatre. At fifty-seven she has the regal poise and tall, trim figure of a mannequin, icy blue eyes, a jutting chin, a wide thin-lipped mouth and a deep laugh which she has described as "like a drain." While rating her one of the world's funniest women, a newspaper critic referred to her as a blowsy beauty. Gingold herself has been scathing about her features and warned a portrait photographer: "I know that I am a ghoul—but I dare you to make me look like one."

Earned Title Of Queen Wasp

She likes to shock and surprise. Her barbed remarks, delivered with an air of exaggerated languor, have been aimed at millionaires, fellow-stars and celebrities in general, earning her the title of the Queen Wasp of show business.

At a literary luncheon which was held to mark the publication of Elsa Maxwell's book *I Married The World*, she said: "I can only wish them every happiness." When Sir John Gielgud and Donald Wolfit both had Shakespearian seasons running in the same London suburb, she made the criticism—which later went the rounds at fashionable parties—that one was a *tour de force*: the other was *force de tour*.

Most of her victims have relished her attentions. "They wanted me to insult them," she says. "It meant that they were really famous."

But it has sometimes been feared that she might overstep the mark. When she was invited to introduce Marlene Dietrich to the audience at a London night club, she threatened to hold the floor with a half-hour act of her own and mention Dietrich as an afterthought. On the night, her friends were relieved when she contented herself with a brief speech which contained the observation: "It's years since I said a kind word about anyone."

TV Spot Brought £2,500

Her acid humour has brought her £800 a week in cabaret and £2,500 for a single television appearance in New York, where she impressed the Americans by her habit of smoking cigars.

She has willingly accepted ideas for shows, but some producers have had difficulty in persuading her to start rehearsals. She has been announced as due to appear in *The Thing and I* with Boris Karloff, *A Lifetime with Hermione Gingold* and several plays and revues, none of which has got as far as its first night.

"She refuses to rehearse until she has approved the script," says her agent, Lord Ulick Browne. "This complicates matters because scripts are often not written until the star has been signed."

Gingold's exacting standards for material have

In New York, Gingold's cigars impressed the Americans. "Cigar smoking," she announced, "is a common habit among women in Britain"



Gingold in her Belgravia flat with her dog, Mr. Poodle. An enthusiastic hostess, she serves salad from a huge flower vase



Gingold at a rehearsal of her radio show. "Her appeal is specialized," says the B.B.C. Some listeners love her. Others remain indifferent

become well known. Once, she stalked out of a B.B.C. studio when she felt that a sketch was not funny enough. Another time, when she had been asked to play an important rôle in a Broadway musical, the script could not be sent out of the United States for reasons of copyright. She crossed the Atlantic merely to read it, astonished the producer by telling him that she thought it was third-rate, and then sailed for home.

Even though as many as ten writers have been commissioned to devise material for some of her revues, she has rarely used their work without making revisions. "My writers learn to hate me," she says.

In 1949, her insistence on remoulding a script to suit her personality caused one of the most bitter arguments in the West End theatre for years. She was co-starred with Hermione Baddeley in a revival of Noël Coward's *Fallen Angels*. At a rehearsal, Gingold suddenly declared that the play needed a new twist to attract postwar audiences, and instead of acting her part seriously, as the author had intended, she began an extravagant burlesque.

Baddeley followed her example. Coward watched their opening performance, tense with indignation, and then went backstage. Angrily he said: "You ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourselves."

Public reaction confirmed Gingold's theory, though. The play ran for seven months with near-capacity houses.

The B.B.C., billing her as "London's only lady witch," has found that her style of fun, which can be brittle, surrealistic or macabre, has a specialized appeal. Listeners have been split into roughly equal groups: those who remain completely indifferent, and the rest—mostly keen theatregoers—for whom she can do no wrong.

"Her secret," says Roy Speer, the producer of her radio series, *Grande Gingold*, "is not in her material, but in how she presents it. She could recite a time table and make it sound humorous."

Her frequent distortion of words—pencil becomes "pensual," and milk, when she plays Mrs. Doom, a radio character, becomes "milluk"—is spontaneous and has been developed until it is part of her daily conversation. Other details of her act, such as her choice of jewellery and

hair style, are decided by careful forethought.

She is, by her own admission, temperamental, and has felt the strain involved in first nights. Managements have gone out of their way to please her.

When she went to New York in 1953 to appear in a revue, her arrival coincided with the "backers' audition," at which business men were to hear excerpts and be asked to put up money.

In order to hide from her that the finances of the show had not been settled, Carleton Carpenter, the junior lead, was instructed to entertain her for the evening and on no account let her learn about the audition.

The evening began awkwardly. Carpenter was dressed in a loose sweater and jeans. Gingold arrived in a glamorous tight-fitting gown, elbow-length gloves, a mink stole and a cartwheel hat decorated with a band marked in gold letters:

H.M.S. HERMIONE.

Dinner Went On And On

He took her to a show, followed by dinner, which he made last as long as possible, and was congratulating himself on the success of his task when she insisted on paying a surprise visit to some friends.

"Unfortunately," he says, "they opened their front door and said: 'What a coincidence! We've just been to your backers' audition.'"

Gingold forgave the deception and agreed to stay in America. The revue, *John Murray Anderson's Alamanac*, ran for eleven months and won her a special award. Among other parts, she played a stately, decayed dowager, and a musician with a long shapeless frock, a fringe and protruding teeth who had acquired a bow-legged stance through playing the 'cello.

Bizarre portraits of this kind—in a London revue she was a three-legged woman from a Picasso painting—have established Gingold as an eccentric, and she has enjoyed living up to her reputation.

She has trimmed a cocktail hat with prawns, stepped off a boat train holding a birdcage as luggage and, in an effort to be distinctive at a ball, stuck sequins on her eyelids. During the wartime blackout she walked to a theatre holding a lighted candle.

She has also pursued fantasy in her autobiography, *The World Is Square*, by describing

her father as a scientist who lived at the bottom of Regent's Park lake. He was in fact a stockbroker; the Gingold family lived in Maida Vale.

"I was an ugly child, but had the makings of a great actress," she says. "At seven I was Julius Caesar in a school play. Instead of spitting out the cotton wool hair which got in my mouth, I swallowed it."

She made her first professional appearance four years later as the Herald in *Pinkie and the Fairies*. At sixteen, she was recognized by Ellen Terry and Sir Herbert Tree as a prodigy and played in Shakespeare and Chekhov at Stratford-on-Avon and the Old Vic.

She had twenty uneventful years in light drama and later in radio programmes until she tried revue at the Gate Theatre, London, where she took leading parts and served coffee to the audience for £3 a week.

Noticed by the critics in *Spread It Abroad* in 1936, she climbed to star status in her *Sweet and Low* series of revues, which opened in 1943 and ran for nearly five years.

Her popularity with U.S. Servicemen, who surprised her by saying that they could easily understand her accent—"actually, I couldn't be more lah-di-dah"—urged her to accept the offer of *Alamanac* in America.

In future, she intends to divide her time between both sides of the Atlantic, spending her winters in New York and coming to Britain each summer. Meanwhile, she has no permanent home. She has two sons, but her two marriages have ended in divorce.

Hermione cultivates a wide circle of friends, almost exclusively within the theatre, and is a convivial, if unconventional, hostess. Recently she served a salad from a huge Victorian flower vase.

Her flair for repartee has been given full scope on American television. The chairman of a panel game hoped to baffle her by asking why an orang-utan in a New York zoo beat its chest. Gingold replied: "Exhibitionism—and bronchitis, caused by coming to a colder climate."

She is reputed always to have had the last word except once, during a show, when a six-year-old girl was in the audience.

"I was speechless," Gingold admits. "The child ruined a dramatic pause by saying: 'Mummy, what is that lady for?'" THE END

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WHY NOT ABOLISH CONSCRIPTION?

Continued from page 17

importance to those careers. They are either completing studies for specialist jobs or they are already at work.

The provisions of the Act which ensures reinstatement in their civilian jobs often seem of little importance to them. After two years in the Services, they may have lost interest in their work, or have fallen behind in their skills. The truth is that most young men enter on National Service with a dislike for it and can scarcely wait for the time of their release.

That is not to say, of course, that National Servicemen have been a dead loss to the country. Far from it. While on duty—in the shooting wars of Malaya or Korea, for example, or serving in Germany and the Middle East—they have acquitted themselves splendidly. But most conscripts have resented those two years.

The nation's industry and agriculture have also paid a heavy price for the young men's National Service. Britain has full employment at present, and there are an estimated 400,000 jobs unfilled for lack of manpower. Yet every year more than 150,000 young men are taken temporarily from work, or prospective work, in industry upon which the prosperity of the country depends. Next year, it is estimated, the intake of conscripts will have to be raised to nearly 200,000.

More Expensive

Even this is not the full extent of the cost, to the nation, of conscription. Once he gets into the forces, the National Serviceman is more expensive than a regular.

In order to train conscripts, not less than ten thousand regular troops are tied up in barracks and training establishments. Yet the conscript must always lack the experience and quality of the long-service man.

Out of his two years in the forces, the conscript devotes most of his time to training, and often not more than about nine months to effective service.

If he is serving overseas, he must be relieved in nine months. The long-service regular does three years before returning home. Conscripts overseas, therefore, cost the nation four sea passages for every one that would be needed to maintain the same strength of regulars abroad.

Conscripts also have a bad effect on the morale of long-service troops. The regular sees the National Serviceman disappearing into a better-paid job in civilian life, and envies him.

As a result, the long-service cadres of Britain's armed forces are withering away. The deplorable truth is that the very existence of conscription is sapping the strength of the regular forces. Because of that, the army and the air force, and to a lesser extent the navy, are clinging more and more desperately to conscription to supply the men they need. It is a vicious circle. Can we break it?

All-out Attacks

The first thing to examine is the alternative if conscription were to be abolished. I am writing here, of course, of what we should need for our defence in a major atomic war. We may also be faced with minor conventional wars of the Malayan or Korean kind. For those, doubtless, some element of conscription must persist for some time to come—though the international climate, after the Geneva meeting, begins to feel a little warmer.

The chief problem, however, is being prepared to meet an all-out atomic attack. That does not mean that an atomic attack is to be expected. On the contrary, if we have a defence that is truly adequate to meet it, and to return it, that in itself may be sufficient deterrent to any atomic war against us. If we get the right defence ready, we are most likely to have no need to use it.

It is vital that our defence forces shall be ready and alert for instant action, as the Nato exercises have amply shown. And they must, in the

opinion of practical experts, comprise a navy, an army and an air force.

Of these three, I am convinced that, as a deterrent to atomic attack, the air force is now the first service. The strongest deterrent to aggression, at the present state of scientific knowledge, is a force of aircraft that can deliver massive retaliatory blows.

It must be an air force manned by regulars. Without prolonged training, men cannot handle effectively the complicated tools of modern air warfare.

If it were recruited on the basis of a five-year agreement for the men, the lowest strength with which we could meet our present commitments, and be prepared to wage atomic warfare should it be forced upon us, is, I believe, about 200,000 men.

Power In The Air

In this regular air force, there would be the number of "A" bombers required to deal with the vital targets presented by the enemy. To serve the needs of the bomber force and the other services, some—not many—photographic reconnaissance squadrons must be provided.

For army support, a few attack squadrons of single-seater aircraft are needed, together with sufficient transport aircraft, large and small, to keep the army mobile. The navy will need the help of Coastal Command and, for close defence purposes, provision must be made for the interceptor fighter of the future. Backing up this fighter will be the ground-to-air guided missile.

The naval defence force needs no more men than it has at present—about 130,000. Great play is being made just now with the idea of a carrier task force—with one or two aircraft carriers, some cruisers, and a destroyer escort. Such a force, it is argued, hidden in the remote regions of the high seas, could deliver unexpected blows, by air or by guided missiles, at the enemy's vitals.

It is my personal opinion that the value of such a task force is over-rated. But all its components would certainly be required in the battle against the submarine and the surface raider. So I envisage a navy, with much the same organization as fleets have had in the past, but with the aircraft carrier becoming the capital ship. And great emphasis must be placed on the ability of small craft to wage war against mines and submarines.

Onerous Tasks

Obviously, such a naval force must be manned by highly trained regulars. Indeed, even now, only one man in every fourteen in the navy is a National Serviceman.

The army is a more complicated problem. I do not believe it would have a great part to play in an atomic war. What would an army be likely to accomplish in two days? But it would always have the onerous tasks of police duties in support of Nato, of controlling distant parts of the earth where local conflicts might break out, and of occupying defeated territory.

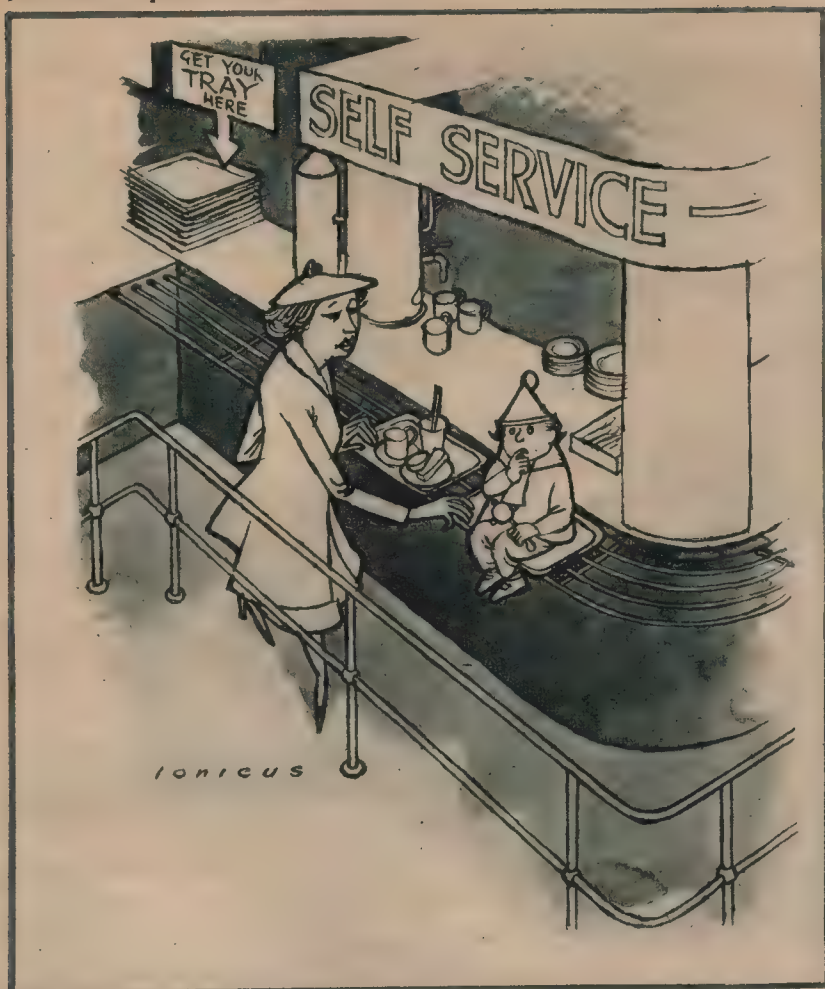
An army to meet these requirements need not be more than 300,000 strong—provided it were an army of well-trained long-service regulars. Its basic organization would be the brigade group of infantry, tanks and atomic guns—and I am not so sure about the need for tanks. In the main, it would move by air. So would its supplies. It would have to be extremely mobile, highly skilled, and pack a quick punch.

We are experimenting already with a New Model army of this kind in the British Army of the Rhine.

Given a highly trained force of regulars, therefore, I believe our defence commitments could be met with a minimum strength of something over 600,000 men.

The present established strengths of the armed forces are much higher—particularly that of the army. This year there are 285,000 National Servicemen in the forces, making up more than one-third of the total numbers in uniform—which amount to approximately: navy 130,000, army 430,000, air force 260,000.

In the army, nearly half of all troops are conscripts. They make up one



quarter of the strength of the Royal Air Force. In the navy, as I have said, the proportion of National Servicemen is very small.

Besides this, we have a strength of more than 600,000 men in the National Service reserve, the Territorial Army, other reserve forces, and the Home Guard. It is difficult to see how these men could have any effect on the course of an atomic war.

How can we get the force of regulars that I have outlined? And how can we ensure that their numbers will not drain away, as they do at present?

The answer is simple. Pay the regulars properly.

The rates of pay which they now receive, both at home and overseas, were fixed some years ago, and are completely out of step with the cost of living and the wages paid by industry to civilians for comparable work.

It has been calculated that a senior mechanic in the Royal Air Force is worth, at civilian rates, approaching £30 a week. That sort of pay is not unknown to the higher grades of engineering operatives. In the Services a craftsman gets less than half that, taking into account his benefits in kind as well as cash.

An unmarried soldier now gets £128 a year—not quite £2 10s. a week. In addition he is fed, housed, clothed and warmed at a cost of some £150 to £180 a year, depending on where he is stationed. So he is getting the equivalent of about £5 10s. a week. A man of similar civilian status would get around £10.

A skilled army sergeant gets £7 a week basic pay, with a further 42s. if married. Add the cost of the services he gets, and his real wage is about £12 10s. a week—well below a similar man's pay in civil life. And the soldier has no chance of overtime.

These rates are not enough to attract men to a Service career. Yet, by offering wages commensurate with those in civil life, I am sure that the forces could recruit the regulars they need.

From a close study of the Service estimates presented to Parliament, it seems as though an increase of Service rates of pay by twenty-five per cent would be needed. No tinkering with terms of service will suffice. If we are to get the kind of armed forces necessary to meet the threat of atomic

attack—and thus, most likely, to deter any such attack—we shall have to pay for them.

At the present strengths, an increase of twenty-five per cent would raise the navy's pay and allowances bill to about £63 million, the army's to £150 million, and the air force's to £111 million.

The total increase in pay would be around £65 million. But, as I have pointed out, the new model streamlined forces of regulars could be smaller than the present establishment. So the bill would not be so large.

What could be contributed towards this cost by abolishing conscription, and doing away with reserves?

Cut The Reserves

It is not possible to disentangle the exact cost since the Army vote contains a number of items for stores, supplies and services for the benefit of the reserves, not separately shown. Ignoring those items, the annual cost of the reserves is more than £20 million.

The nation could save that sum, plus an unspecified amount for stores and services, by abolishing the reserves and the Territorial Army.

By abolishing conscription, at least five thousand existing regulars could be transferred from training duties to full service. And about 100,000 young men each year—not the full total of conscripts, since some would undoubtedly opt for regular service—would be released to strengthen industry and agriculture.

Clearly, these changes cannot be made immediately. There is still so much unrest in the world that we must be prepared, on the short view, for local, conventional wars. We cannot as yet prepare for them without the aid of National Service.

But we must have a highly trained regular defence against atomic assault in the next few years, and we must plan for it now. It cannot be achieved on a makeshift conscription basis. Regular engagement and National Service are incompatible in a world in the shadow of atomic weapons.

There should be no place, in a deterrent defence, for the amateur—often an unwilling amateur. To get the highly skilled professional, we must pay him what he is worth. THE END



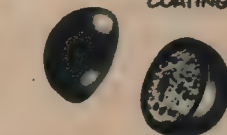
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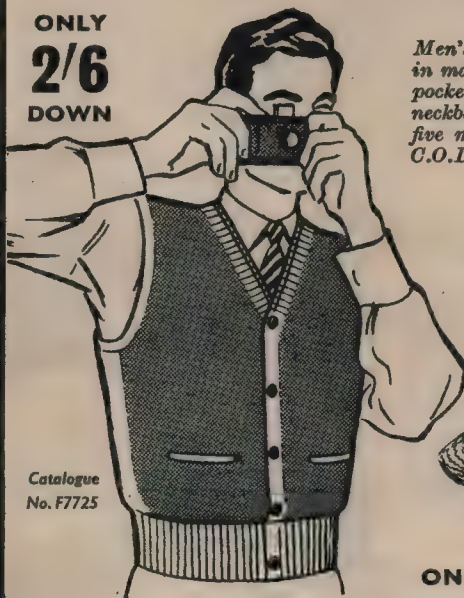
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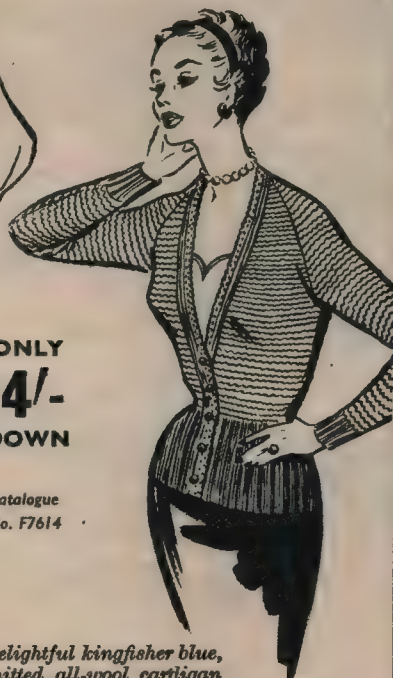
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NO ROAD

Continued from page 13

field containing the quarry, and build in that very field, by the river, not a hundred yards from the stone. For eight or ten thousand pounds we could build a handsome spinning mill which would give employment to generation after generation and make Whinhead prosperous for all time."

The weaver addressed, whom Dr. Tom had met driving his donkey with his week's piece of cloth on its back down to Annotsfield, fell silent and looked up at the doctor dubiously.

"But where should we get ten thousand pound?" he said at last.

"We should form a company—a limited company," explained Dr. Archibald eagerly. "I've been into the matter with my cousin at High Roebuck. We should issue shares—ten thousand shares, perhaps, at five pounds apiece. The Whinhead men would take up the shares. Then when the mill was running, each share would bring in interest—a little income, you see, for every shareholder."

"There's not many folk I' Whinhead could find five pounds to spend on a share."

"They need only put down a pound at first, then save up and pay off the rest gradually. I myself," said Dr. Tom, "am prepared to take a thousand fully paid-up shares at once."

"That's five thousand pounds," returned the weaver after some cogitation.

"Precisely," returned Dr. Tom.

IN those days £5,000 was a very large sum, and the weavers to whom Dr. Archibald made this approach gazed at him with something like awe.

"He must be better off nor we thought," the local people concluded when they discussed the matter. And the reply was usually: "Aye—Thorn-ton were always warm men. Well-lined. He can well afford it."

They were mistaken; the £5,000 comprised all Dr. Archibald's fortune, which with eager optimism he was risking in the service of Whinhead. But it was a very persuasive argument to these unfortunate men, who were being squeezed out of their livelihood by mechanization.

Each week, when they arrived at Roebuck Foot or Annotsfield with their woven piece of cloth thrown over the back of their donkey, they met sourer looks, as the automatic loom gained wider and wider acceptance; more grudgingly each week employers doled out yarn to them for a fresh piece.

So it was that when a printed leaflet was thrust under their doors inviting them to come to a meeting in St. Matthew's Sunday School, Whinhead, to consider the formation of a Whinhead Mutual Spinning Company, they all attended.

The mood of the meeting was at first somewhat doubting. But Dr. Tom's earnestness, the trust experience had taught the Whinhead folk to repose in his integrity, above all his committal of his own capital, overcame their fears; besides, they wished to be convinced, they longed for this solution to their economic problem.

A burst of applause greeted the conclusion of the doctor's speech, then men leaned towards each other and discussed the proposal with animation.

Suddenly Eli Boocock's voice was heard above the hum of chatter. "I suppose it's all right for someone who's not a weaver to take up some of these shares, eh?"

"That would be perfectly in order," replied the doctor. "The shares will be open to the public." He hesitated, then added: "May we hope that you yourself will join us, Mr. Boocock?"

"I don't mind taking a hundred or so," replied Eli complacently.

Immediately there was a rush to give in names for shares. It was just like Eli Boocock, that shrewd old scoundrel, to get in ahead of them! Trust him to be first on to a good thing!

Eli, cousin to the late Michael, a square, bald man with bushy black whiskers, a high colour and small, twinkling black eyes, had a great reputation for astute dealing, and many

anecdotes were told of the sharp practices which made him wealthy.

At one time, so rumour said, he had fancied Rosa, but she had preferred his cousin, so Eli was unmarried; but it was thought he enjoyed the favours of the fair sex while he was away on his cattle-buying trips in Ireland.

If Eli meant to invest his precious money in the Mutual, to invest in the Mutual was a shrewd thing to do.

By the end of the meeting, the men of Whinhead had covenanted for a thousand shares, and a committee of management, with Dr. Archibald as chairman, had been nominated.

Whinhead had now committed itself wholeheartedly to the Mutual project.

Perhaps the next part of the story can be told most simply and concisely by quoting from an advertisement which appeared in the *Annotsfield Weekly Recorder* on Saturday, June 22nd, 1861. It runs as follows:

WHINHEAD MUTUAL SPINNING
COMPANY LTD.

"Registered capital £30,000, divided into six thousand shares of £5 each. Two thousand shares already issued. Only one thousand more to issue at present."

"It is acknowledged by all parties who have seen the mill site belonging to this Company, that it possesses many important advantages. There is a water-fall of forty-eight feet on the adjacent Whinburn River. The ground purchased by the Company possesses some of the finest quarries of white rock stone in the kingdom, and the Company has already purchased twenty-six acres of this valuable land. A first-rate road of easy gradient from Delph Lane to the works is under construction, and powers are being sought to widen the aforesaid Delph Lane, from the Delph Inn to where it joins the main Manchester-to-Annotsfield road."

"The foundation-stone of the mill was laid on Saturday last by Thomas Thornton Archibald, M.D., of Whinhead, who is an extensive shareholder in the Company."

"A committee has been formed, which meets at Butterworths' Temperance Hotel, Cloth Hall Street, Annotsfield. Applications to be enrolled as shareholders should be addressed to this committee."

So there it is, the project is in full progress. Dr. Archibald and Eli Boocock have paid up for their shares in full, the weavers have paid a pound per share. The land has been bought, the quarry set in action, plans drawn up, building contractors employed, a road begun, the foundation stone laid.

The mill lay almost exactly opposite Dr. Tom's windows across the Whinburn; he could watch its progress as he sat at table. This must have been a happy spectacle for him.

Indeed, at this stage the mill became quite a noted meeting-place. Young people courted in its precincts, older people took their children there on Sunday afternoons. Shareholders described the Mutual scheme with gusto to uninformed strangers, slapping the rising walls—their own property—with happy pride.

AND it was not only in the daytime that the mill was visited. One of Eli Boocock's young Irish drovers tripped over a stone in the dark and sprained an ankle—a fine strapping curly-haired lad he was, Daniel O'Prunty by name; it was rumoured he was making love to young Annie Callaghan under cover of the new warehouse.

Certainly she was there that night—why not? Only natural after all, Dan being as Irish as Annie herself, and both Ulster Protestants.

After this incident of the ankle, large billboards were put up, announcing, NO ADMITTANCE EXCEPT ON BUSINESS, but, bless you, nobody took much notice of these. Why, people walked from as far away as Annotsfield on Sundays to see the mill; and what with the quarrymen, the builders' men, the road men and the sightseers, the Delph Inn did a roaring trade.

One afternoon a shareholder's child

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ADDRESS

(Please use block letters)

Guess What?

by GLYN DANIEL



TO avoid rusting, this decorated implement is made of bone; it measures five inches. Is it . . .

- (a) An apple corer?
- (b) A walking stick handle?
- (c) A barrel bung?
- (d) A tanner's gouge?

Glyn Daniel tells you more on page 32

fell into the quarry. Fortunately he wasn't much hurt. Dr. Tom was fetched and soon had the child soothed and examined, and its little arm, which had suffered a greenstick fracture, comfortably set.

This child, Nat Sykes, son of the shareholder Ben Sykes, was still living when I made my inquiries, hale and hearty in his ninety-fifth year; it was he who gave me many of the personal details of this Mutual mill affair.

"Aye, I went too near the edge o' t' delph, as childer will, and next thing I knew I were at bottom. I'd tumbled in, you see."

After that Dr. Tom had strong posts and wires put round the top of the quarry. "Right thick posts," says old Nat, shaking his head with a disapproving air.

One gets the impression, from the old man's tone, that there now perhaps began to be just a little uneasiness about the scale and style of the Mutual mill.

Dr. Tom's ideas were perhaps just a little grandiose. The quarry posts were unnecessarily strong, and even the Thorntons of High Roebuck did not have such magnificently dressed stones for the windows and doors of their mill as the Mutual boasted, though the Thorntons were rich enough for anything.

A Whinhead weaver, staggering slightly drunk out of the Delph Inn one night as Dr. Archibald entered, shouted at him, waving his hands in the direction of the mill: "Cover in! Cover in!"

"What did he mean?" inquired Dr. Tom politely of Rosa Boocock. "Some dialect expression, perhaps?"

"He meant the mill's high enough by now and you should stop and put the roof on," said Eli Boocock, who was standing in the tap-room. His rough hoarse voice carried over the hum of talk and all present fell silent and listened.

Dr. Tom frowned a little. "No use spoiling the ship for a ha'porth of tar," he said.

"More than a ha'porth is involved I reckon," said Eli Boocock, on a questioning note, though jocular.

"Our funds are ample," said Dr. Tom mildly. "We shall be in full work by next January."

At this everyone in the tap-room smiled happily and nudged each other. Rosa said with feeling: "It was a good day for Whinhead when you came here, Dr. Tom."

So what went wrong? There isn't a clue at all anywhere—or rather, because the major clue was lacking, the others made no sense for nearly a hundred years.

All that the Whinhead Mutual Spinning Company knew in 1861 was that suddenly, for no reason given, Eli Boocock refused to allow the "first-rate road of easy gradient" to pass through his land. And Eli owned the large green field which was really the

only feasible route to the mill from Delph Lane.

I said there was no reason given for Eli's sudden refusal. I meant no genuine reason. He alleged that he needed his field to pasture the cattle he brought over from Ireland, and certainly the field was good pasture. But would a road through the middle of it have prevented his beef cattle from feeding on the rest of the grass? Of course it wouldn't.

Eli had invested money in the Mutual enterprise; why did he go about now to ruin it? For ruin it he did.

There is no documentary evidence as to what actually happened at this time. One must imagine for oneself the shock of horror when Eli's decision was communicated to the committee; the expostulations, the arguments, the attempted negotiations. Attacked from all sides, accused by Dr. Tom of a purposeless destruction of his own interests, shouted at by the rest of the members, Eli said only: "Aye—well—it's a pity there was a mistake, like. But field's not for sale."

Nothing would move him. The committee in despair invited tenders for making a road up through their own land, beside the quarry, but alas! the gradient was so severe, the ground so rough, that the contractors who came to view the site shook dubious heads, declined the job altogether or demanded enormous prices.

Meanwhile the stonemasonry of the mill, a really superb structure, was completed, and the carpenters were ready to begin the floors, doors and window frames. They did indeed floor the top storey, but the difficulty of getting the timber down the hillside daunted them.

The thought of spinning machinery coming down that steep rough slope was really alarming. And even if it were once safely housed, supplies of wool must be brought in regularly, the finished yarn must travel out.

All these difficulties might perhaps have been overcome if they had remained locked in the bosoms of the committee members, but unfortunately the Whinhead men, inexperienced and angry, talked loudly far and wide. Soon all Whinhead knew, all Whinhead knew, all Annotsfield knew, of the Mutual's difficulties.

RUMOURS flew about; it was said that the committee had quarrelled, that the Thorntons had forbidden the project, that Dr. Archibald had spent more than he should, that Eli Boocock had found something wrong in the accounts.

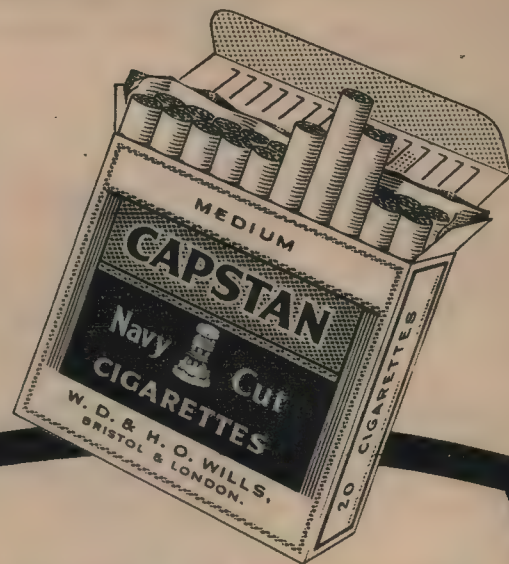
Alarmed by such damaging reports, the building contractors, who hitherto had been perfectly satisfied to take their money in instalments and to wait for the final instalment till the mill was working and earning, demanded full and immediate payment for the completed masonry, while the timber merchants refused further supplies, and the spindle manufacturers seemed uncertain whether to press for an advance payment or to sue for breach of contract.

Subjected thus to sudden and severe financial pressure from every quarter, the Mutual committee applied to the Annotsfield bank for an overdraft. It was refused.

This appalling news spread through Whinhead like wildfire. It was heard with a sickening drop of the heart, for it revealed without any shadow of doubt that the Thorntons of High Roebuck were not backing their young relative. At once the credit of the Whinhead Mutual Spinning Company sank to zero.

Was it likely, after all, that people like the Thorntons would put money into a mill owned by weavers? Why had Whinhead ever entertained such a preposterous notion. Dr. Archibald—a silly, south country, la-di-da sort of name: they ought to have known better than to trust a man with a name like that—had misled them.

The whole idea was daft, when you came to think of it. A mill that size out in the wilds of Whinhead! What a good thing none of them had paid up more than £1 on their worthless

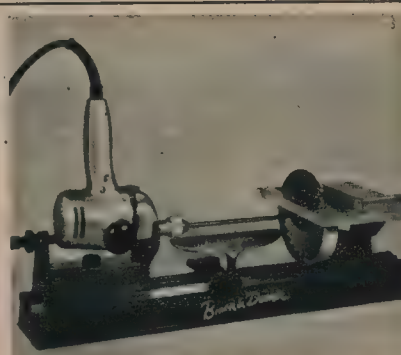


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Tonette, Light Brown, Ox-blood, White, Black. Also Dark Tan (6 1/2 d. size only)

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shares. They chuckled a little, wryly, over their astuteness in this.

Next day the company went bankrupt, and each shareholder received notice to pay any moneys outstanding on the price of his shares.

Bewildered, terrified, and mostly insufficiently literate to be sure they had understood the notices aright, the Whinhead men gathered that night at the Delph Inn, where it was rumoured Eli Boocock would explain it all to them.

Sure enough he was there, square and red-faced and smoking a cigar as usual. His little black eyes twinkled sardonically as he told them with brutal frankness the exact meaning of the communications that they had received.

"Each of you'll have to pay four pounds on every share you own," he said.

A groan of horror rose from the assembled men. Four pounds a share! It was a fortune which most of them were quite unable to find.

"What if we 'aven't got four pounds?" demanded one.

"Then you'll ha' to go to jail," said Eli brutally.

Angry shouts followed this callous announcement. "Why should we? We done nothing wrong! We still got the mill! Why is everything changed? It's you forbidding the road, that's what it is, Eli. Aye, it's you got us into this pickle, Eli Boocock!"

"Nay!" said Eli strongly. "Only a fool throws good money after bad. You can be thankful to me you're not worse in debt."

"How do you make that out?" asked Nat Sykes's father. Eli hesitated, and several took up the cry. "Aye, tell us that!" they shouted in threatening tones.

"I reckon man you have to blame for this lives t'other side of the valley," said Eli, pointing dramatically through the window towards Whin Grove.

As it chanced, at that very moment lights appeared in the Whin Grove windows. Dr. Archibald, who had been out all day on a confinement, had just returned, and lamps were being lighted by his housekeeper.

SOMEHOW the sight of the yellow beams infuriated the men—perhaps by reminding them of the comfort of the doctor's house, so superior to their own. Without a moment's pause they all, except Eli, suddenly streamed out from the inn, down the hillside, across the plank bridge and up the steep path through Dr. Tom's copse towards Whin Grove, shouting and gesticulating.

In the moonlit dusk they must have been clearly visible from the windows of the house, and the noise they made no doubt called the doctor's attention to them, for when they reached the side door it was open and Dr. Tom stood there, waiting, with a lamp in his hand.

"Pray come in, gentlemen," he said. His quiet tone brought those in front up short for a moment, then they moved on again, but only in a sheepish, half-hearted way.

"Nay—there's too many on us," they objected.

Perhaps this was their real objection, but more likely they felt they would be at a disadvantage inside the doctor's house. The others had now come up, and they all gathered round the door in a threatening crowd.

In the light of the lamp's rays Dr. Tom's handsome face looked pale and worn. "You have come about this unhappy business of the mill," he said.

"It's more nor unhappy—it's ruination for all of us," they cried.

"I, too, am ruined," said Dr. Tom simply.

They hushed a little at that. "It doesn't help us that you are ruined," said one roughly.

"Would that it could," said Dr. Tom in a tone of heartfelt longing.

"You've still got your fine house, I reckon," grumbled another.

"No—I shall sell it and put the proceeds towards the liquidation of the mill. It will diminish the sum to be

called for from the shareholders to some slight extent."

"Aye, but it won't keep us out of jail."

"Jail!" exclaimed Dr. Tom.

"Those of us who can't pay up on our shares will have to go to jail."

"Are there many of you who can't pay?"

"Most on us, I reckon."

Dr. Tom said nothing; but somehow there was a kind of reproach in his silence.

NOW the weavers began to see that they themselves were not free from blame. In taking up more shares than they could fully pay for they had not only wanted something for nothing in the usual way, but had also promised more than they could perform, which is a course very repugnant to Yorkshire people. Beginning to realize this, they shuffled their feet about irritably and hung their heads.

"I am sorry for that," said Dr. Tom at last in a low voice, "because in that case I fear our building contractors, who did such excellent work for us, may suffer. There may not be enough assets for them to be paid in full."

This made the men more hangdog than ever.

"But how has it all come about? Everything seemed to be framing so well."

"Aye! What's brought us down?"

"We've still got mill. Can't we sell it?"

"We must try," said Dr. Tom gravely. "But I fear it may be difficult without a roadway to the premises. However, a new owner might be successful in persuading Mr. Boocock where I myself and the committee have totally failed."

"Eli Boocock! That's the man! It's him brought us down! Why did he go back on his word?"

"I blame myself very severely for not having bought the land for the road or at least secured a firm offer in writing from him before we began building operations," said Dr. Tom. "I am ashamed to say we took Mr. Boocock's consent for granted. But as he had invested his own money in the mill, and was a committee member himself, I never doubted his co-operation. He had heard plans for the road discussed a dozen times in committee and never said a word against them until his sudden announcement a month ago."

"You've made a proper mullock of it between you, you and committee."

Dr. Tom bowed his head. "I admit my responsibility," he said. "I can only ask you to forgive me, and believe that I meant to help you."

The men shuffled again.

"But why on earth did Eli Boocock do it? Why did he change his mind? You must know summat, Doctor!"

"Aye! What turned Eli against mill, like?"

"I have no idea," replied the doctor. He hesitated; a look of intense perplexity crossed his face; he shook his head and repeated in despairing tones: "I have no idea."

Next morning the body of Dr. Thomas Thornton Archibald was found lying at the foot of the Mutual mill's warehouse.

After evidence of identity had been given and permission to bury the body granted, the inquest was adjourned for a week.

The evidence as reported in the *Annotsfield Recorder* is curious and contains some odd discrepancies.

The body was found by Daniel O'Prunty, the young Irish drover employed by Eli Boocock, and who was

Guess What?

THE object on page 31 is an apple corer. It made of bone to avoid discolouring the fruit; others were of carved ivory. Corers of this type have been known in this country since medieval times.

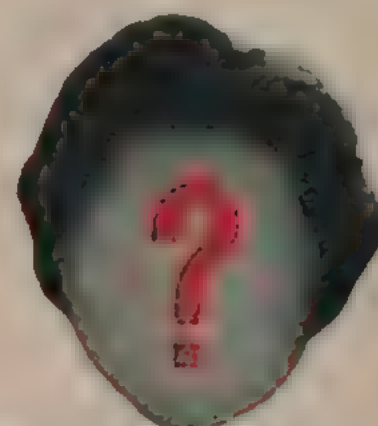
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MACARONI BACON PUFF

1 cup QUAKER QUICK MACARONI. 2 eggs - separated, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup grated cheddar cheese, 1 cup warm milk, 4 rashers bacon. Some chopped spring onions, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce. Salt and pepper.

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water. Drain. Mix breadcrumbs, bacon (cooked and cut up), milk, beaten egg yolks, onion, Worcestershire Sauce, salt and pepper. Add macaroni and cheese. Blend. Now stiffly beat egg whites and fold through mixture. Pour in deep casserole and bake in moderate oven (electricity 350 degrees, gas mark 4) for 1 hour. Serves 4.

How often do you tell your friends about a favourite recipe? What about telling us this time? It's your chance to win 20 guineas for a recipe using Quaker Quick Macaroni!

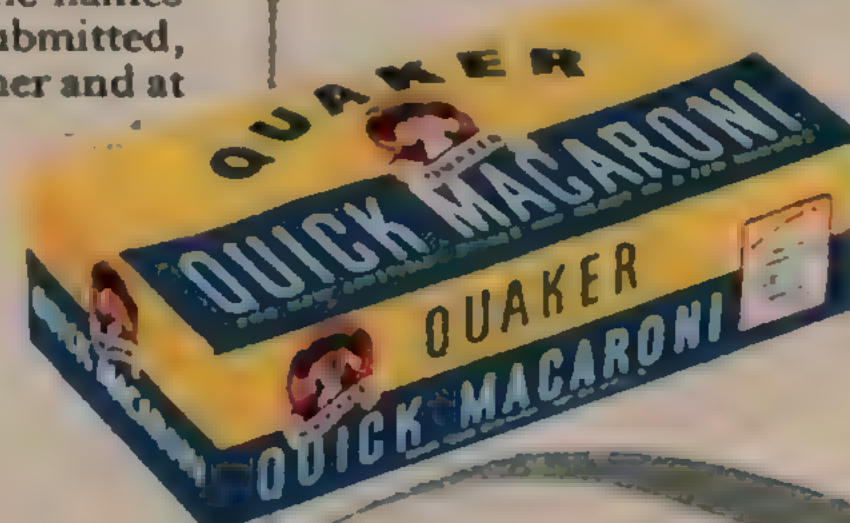
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QUAKER QUICK MACARONI



Girls with a system are "GOING RED"



THE CASINO. Expensive perfume. The rich aroma of cigars. Gowns from the Paris salons. White ties and tails. Beautiful women and their escorts clustered around the green baize. Tense. Excited. Jubilant. Desperate. Nervously fingering the brilliantly coloured chips piled high before them. The sudden click-click-click as the little ball ricochets against the spinning wheel. It's fast at first. Then slower... slower... slower. It's red! No, it's black. No, red. It *must* be red! But... it's BLACK. Yes, black it is. And again the wheel is set spinning. It's black again. And again. And yet again. Fantastic. Unbelievable. It's a lucky run on black... and yet they're almost all going RED.

Gambling on red at roulette? Oh no! They're taking the gamble out of glamour by turning to red toothpaste. Women of the world everywhere are putting their money on the new deep, dark, ruby-red toothpastes. That means they're going for Gordon-Moore's Cosmetic Toothpaste, 2/10½d (trial size 1/8½d) or "Less" Toothpaste (1/8½d) and making certain of a winning smile.

What's your choice? Sparkling white teeth plus the extra glamour of rose-tinted gums? Then go for

Gordon-Moore's, the first of the ruby-reds. This brilliant cosmetic toothpaste, containing rougeryl, polishes the enamel as jewellers' rouge polishes gold, rose-tints the gums to match the lipstick and makes your teeth shades whiter by contrast.

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Remember—when it comes to the care of your teeth, your lucky colour's red. If you've not yet tried Gordon-Moore's Cosmetic Toothpaste, or "Less," buy a tube next time you're in the chemist's. Make red toothpaste part of your regular glamour 'system'!

SPECIAL NOTE

Red toothpaste should normally be used on a dry brush, but, in the case of "LESS" TOOTHPASTE (containing decyl-carminate), for special occasions, where extra whiteness is required, dip the toothbrush in a little ordinary milk and proceed to brush the teeth in the usual way.

thought to be courting Annie Callaghan.

Coming down into Eli's field early in the morning to collect the cattle for their day's journey, he saw a crumpled heap lying in the abortive bit of road leading from the mill to the dividing wall.

On climbing the wall dividing Eli's property from the Mutual's, he found that it was Dr. Archibald, lying horribly awry. Horrified, he rushed back up the hill to the farmhouse and fetched Mr. Eli Boocock to the scene.

"He had been dead some hours, I judged," said Eli Boocock. "The body was very much broken."

"Multiple injuries" was the phrase used by the Annottsfield surgeon called in by the police. The injuries were consistent, he said, with a fall from a considerable height.

It seemed that Dr. Archibald had climbed to the top of the warehouse, said the police inspector in charge of the case. The top storey had been floored, and the whole building roofed, but there was no glass in the windows and no doors had been placed across the openings on each landing where the bales of wool were to be drawn up. Dr. Archibald might easily have mistaken his way in the dark and walked out of one of these openings.

Troubled as the young doctor was about the affairs of the Mutual, said the Thornton cousin who next gave evidence, it was perhaps not surprising that he had visited the mill that night.

"My cousin was always actuated by the highest motives of public benefaction," said the cousin sternly, "and he had been disappointed by what I can only call the selfish faithlessness of one of its associates. He regarded himself, quite mistakenly in my view, as responsible for the failure of the scheme."

At this the coroner inquired, in a very delicate and tentative manner, whether Mr. Thornton thought that Dr. Archibald's disappointment might have distressed him so excessively as to disturb the balance of his mind—in a word, did he think that the death should be regarded as suicide.

"Good heavens, no!" exclaimed the cousin. "Dr. Archibald was a man of firm religious principles. He would never run away from his obligations."

The man whose wife's child Dr. Tom had brought into the world that day was also strongly against the idea of suicide. "He'd promised to come round first thing in the morning, d'you see?" he explained. "With some medicine."

"In his anguish, that might have slipped from his mind," suggested the coroner.

"Nay—if he couldn't come himself he'd have fixed for somebody else, like, to bring it," said the man stubbornly. "He wouldn't risk a baby's life, choose how—not Dr. Tom."

The Annottsfield surgeon hastened to add his voice against suicide. "Dr. Archibald's fatal injuries were on the back of his head," he reminded the coroner. "This is consistent with tripping and falling backward. No suicide in my experience or knowledge ever leaped backwards to destruction."

The coroner nodded in agreement. But on this point the Whinhead folk, as one sees from the later evidence, were not quite so well satisfied.

Between the discovery of the body and the holding of the adjourned inquest, little knots of Whinhead men had often gathered on the landings of the unfinished mill and discussed the problem, pointing with their clay pipes as they argued, searching for some loose stone or piece of wood over which the doctor might have tripped.

In the course of these discussions one day, some of them examined the top storey floor, and found to their astonishment undoubted traces of a fire. Carpenters' shavings had certainly been ignited there.

When this fact emerged at the inquest the coroner was evidently taken by surprise.

"Surely you are not suggesting that Dr. Archibald started a fire?" he exclaimed.

"I'm not suggesting owt," said the witness doggedly. "I'm only telling

you what we saw wi' our own eyes. But I've heard tell from one o' them as carried Dr. Archibald up to the field, like, that his right hand were charred."

"We have heard nothing of this burn from previous witnesses," said the coroner sharply.

"Happen they didn't think to mention it," suggested the witness.

Three witnesses were therefore recalled.

Daniel O'Prunty, asked whether Dr. Archibald's right hand showed traces of burns when he found the body, replied: "Ah now, I wouldn't be knowing. I took just one look, and then off with me up to Mr. Boocock. 'Twas a horrid sight."

Eli Boocock stated emphatically that when Daniel had fetched him to the body, the hand was undoubtedly charred.

The Annottsfield surgeon said irritably that while he had noticed the burn, he was not able to pronounce whether it was fresh or no; as it was a minor injury which in any case could not have contributed to the decease, he had paid it little attention.

The presence of the burn was, however, thus established, and an uncomfortable pause followed.

At last the coroner inquired: "Did the Mutual mill carry fire insurance?"

"I resent that question, Mr. Coroner," said the Thornton cousin, rising to his feet. "Dr. Archibald was the soul of honour, and any suggestion that he attempted arson in order to gain the insurance money and extricate the Mutual from its difficulties is nonsense."

"I made no such suggestion," said the coroner drily. "But it is my duty to investigate all the possible causes of death. I take it the mill was insured?"

"Of course," snapped the Thornton cousin. "I advised Dr. Archibald myself on the matter."

"Is it not possible," said the Vicar of Whinhead mildly, "that Dr. Archibald saw a flame in the mill and went down to investigate? That possibility would explain both his presence in the mill and his fall, for he might have been hurrying away to get help to put out the fire."

The coroner welcomed this suggestion with relief, but the Whinhead men shook their heads doubtfully. "There weren't enough fire to make a show across t'valley," they muttered. "He tried to burn mill to save us going to jail, and it wouldn't burn, so he chucked himself out of t'window, poor lad."

However, they kept these conclusions to themselves, and the jury brought in a verdict of accidental death, with no reference to arson.

FOR the next few incidents in this Pennine tragedy, I am indebted to the *Annottsfield Recorder*. The Recorder tells us that the Mutual went bankrupt, the weavers paid up if they could or went to prison if they could not.

Whin Grove, Dr. Archibald's house, changed hands, the Mutual mill was sold by auction for a thousand guineas, its reputed cost being eight times that sum, and the result was a liquidation of 12s. 6d. in the £1.

Meanwhile the registers of St. Matthew's, Whinhead, show that Rosa Boocock married Eli Boocock a month after Dr. Archibald's death, and Annie Callaghan married Daniel O'Prunty of Ballyfrilán in County Down, the following week.

The Ballyfrilán registers give a whole long line of Dan and Annie's children: Richard, Daniel, Patrick, Kathleen and two or three more.

The date of Richard's birth is a few months earlier than could have been desired for the sake of Annie's reputation, poor girl: perhaps that is why she and Daniel married in Whinhead before returning to Ireland to settle down.

As for Eli Boocock, there is no Boocock in the next available directory of Whinhead; he has left the district with his wife, no doubt owing to his unpopularity in the matter of the road.

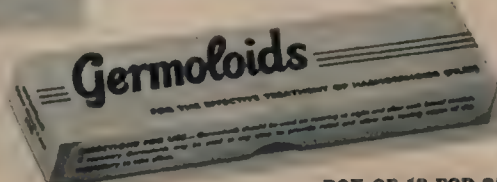
Poor little Susan Boocock, by the way, died in the January after the

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liquidation of the mill; one might suppose it was because there was no Dr. Tom to keep her alive through the winter.

Then there is a gap of thirty years, in which Whinhead seems to have no history save the slow lapse of time. The speculations about Dr. Archibald's death die down, the purchaser of the Mutual property works out the quarry and leaves the empty shell of the mill alone, the Whinhead population sinks to some three hundred, the shareholders grow into old men, the empty mill decays.

THE story of the Mutual mill is told with decreasing frequency and accuracy; the great question, why did Eli Boocock refuse the road, though never resolved, is debated less and less by the old because it is received with more and more scepticism by the young.

"There must have been some reason," say the shareholders' children, now grown men and women, impatiently, and these shareholders' children—and still more the shareholders' grandchildren—reflect how naïve and foolish people were in those old days. There had been some dirty work somewhere, no doubt, but poor old dad, or granddad, just hadn't tumbled to it.

In 1897 the mill re-enters the columns of the *Recorder*. By this time it is scarcely a mill, of course; just a derelict building knee-high in weeds. It is again for sale.

On October 23rd, 1897, the place is sold for £250 for the sake of the dressed stone alone: the window sills, the door posts and lintels, the huge front steps, the massive stairs, the stone roof tiles, have a quality still worth somebody's money. And fresh intimation of the difficulty of the site is obtained when we learn that these great stones are to be slung across the Whinburn by means of tight-rope wire.

The dressed stones are torn out of the building, which partly falls.

Silence again for thirty, forty, fifty years. The mill decays. In 1904 the ordnance map still shows it as "disused mill," but the 1930 edition gives merely a vague jumbled outline without a name.

Then suddenly, this very year, for the last time the Mutual leaps into the pages of the *Recorder*. A great West Riding city has decided to construct a reservoir in upper Whindale; the wonderful Whinburn water is to be fully used at last.

It had been intended, said the *Recorder*, to leave the ruins of the old Whindale spinning mill standing beneath the water when the valley was flooded, but it was now found that some of the masonry had recently tumbled afresh and now lay too close to the line of the containing wall and would need to be levelled or destroyed. Possibly some of the stone might be moved to form a buttress.

I went out to Whindale the morning

after I read this paragraph, introduced myself to the engineer in charge, and obtained permission to watch the demolition operation. It was foolish of me to come, I decided as soon as I arrived, for the sight of the torn-up valley made me sad, but I wanted to see the last of the old mill, for Dr. Tom's sake.

A crane was at work on the mill now. As we approached, it swung a large stone into the air. A shout arose from the men around. Fearing some accident had occurred, the engineer ran forward. I followed.

"Must have been the foundation stone," said the foreman.

We stood looking down at the bared patch of black peaty earth, the bed from which the stone had just been lifted. Yes, that stone now swinging in the air had been the foundation stone of the Mutual mill, so joyously laid by Thomas Thornton Archibald, for there in the earth lay objects traditionally placed beneath foundation stones: a shilling, a sixpence, a silver threepenny bit, a penny, a halfpenny, and a damp yellowed mass which proved to be a copy of the *Annotsfield Recorder* for June 15, 1861.

I lifted the paper gently. Below, pressed into the earth, lay a pocket-book of morocco leather with silver corners; the leather was mouldered, the silver tarnished, but the case had been handsome and tasteful in its day. Stamped across one corner were the initials T.T.A.

"It dropped from his breast pocket when he stooped to put the newspaper down," said the engineer shrewdly.

"May I examine it?" I asked.

"Of course. I shall have to turn it in to the corporation, though, I suppose," said the engineer. "Leave it on my desk, will you? That's my hut, up there on the hillside by the inn."

I SAT alone in the engineer's hut and opened the pocket-book with careful fingers. From one section I drew a wisp of thin, crumpled paper, folded neatly into a tiny square. A larger section held Dr. Tom's visiting card, engraved *Thomas Thornton Archibald, M.D., Whin Grove*, in copper-plate on good, thick pasteboard.

The left half of the case was occupied by a single large pocket. From this I drew out a tinted photograph, which had evidently been cut down to fit the aperture exactly, for one of the persons pictured had been cut in half.

A fair young girl in a plain stuff frock of the 1860 period stood beside a child sitting on a chair, of whom only half a face, a skirt with tucks, some wrinkled white socks and faded blue buttoned boots were visible.

I turned the photograph over; the photographer's name and *Annotsfield* address were printed on the reverse side, and across the top was written in a strong clear masculine hand: *Annie, with (part of) little Susan.*

I started, and the wisp of paper was

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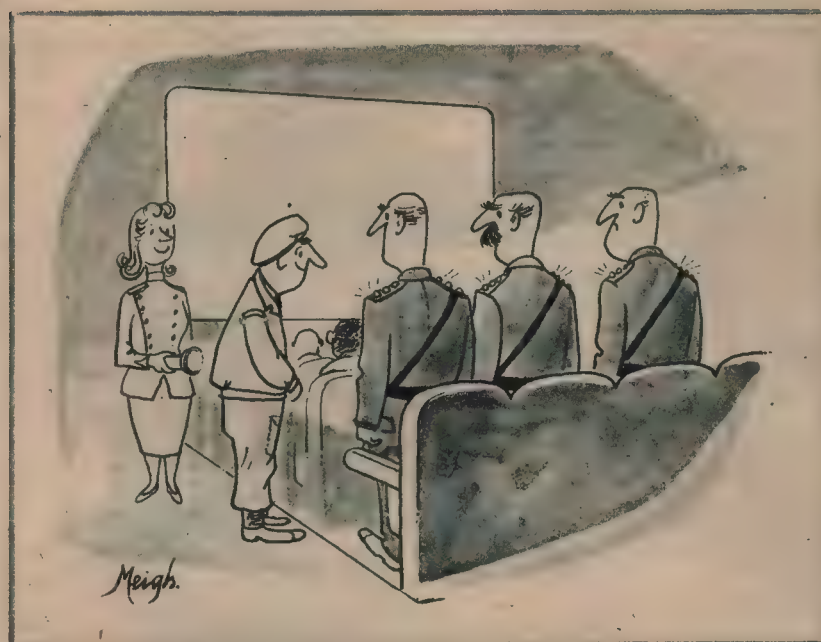
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wafted to the ground. I picked it up and unfolded it. A tiny curl of hair, fair, soft and silky, was enclosed, and on the inside of the paper was written in the same agreeable hand: *Annie, June 15, 1861.*

Then suddenly, in a lurid flash, the cause of the Whinhead Mutual Spinning Company's tragic end became clear to me.

It was a wild passionate story of love, of hatred, of revenge. Rosa Boocock loved Dr. Tom, and for her sake Eli Boocock invested in the mill. Then somehow Rosa discovered that Dr. Tom loved Annie Callaghan, and all her love turned to furious hate.

She prevailed on Eli Boocock to ruin the young doctor by withholding the road, and paid this former suitor for his compliance by marrying him. The doctor, of course, was entirely ignorant of both her love and her hate; Rosa's loud, coarse beauty would hold no attraction for such a man as Dr. Tom.

Neither did he know that that astute rogue Eli Boocock desired Rosa to the point of obsession, and would pay high for her. No; Dr. Tom loved the gentle, helpless Annie. It was he, perhaps, whom she met in the mill by night, not the young drover as gossip suggested. And Rosa discovered it.

So the mystery of the Mutual's ruin was a mystery no longer.

But the mystery of Dr. Archibald's death remained. Did he meet Annie on the night when he fell to his death? Did she reject his love then in favour of Daniel, and drive him, maddened already by his ruin of the weavers, to despair? Or had the love between them already gone further than it should?

I remembered the rumour that Dr. Archibald had left his southern practice on account of a woman. Perhaps an over-fondness for women was the one weakness in a character otherwise so estimable? Or perhaps the lad was simply lonely?

Did Dr. Archibald destroy himself in remorse for having failed not only the weavers but also the young girl to whom he ought to have shown a chivalrous protectiveness? Poor young man, if so; he paid dearly for his sin.

But in that case where did Daniel O'Prunty fit in? Why did Annie marry him so soon after her lover's death?

THEN I saw that beside arson, suicide and accident as explanations for Dr. Archibald's death, there was yet another possibility, one that was even more terrible: the possibility of murder.

Daniel O'Prunty, the strapping young drover, certainly loved Annie, perhaps was violently jealous of her. Perhaps Annie liked him too, with a mild, everyday affection very different from her romantic adoration of the doctor.

Daniel suspects her liaison with Dr. Tom; doubtless it is he who, by confiding his suspicions to Rosa Boocock, makes Rosa aware of the affair, turns Rosa's love for Dr. Tom to the hellish

fury of a woman scorned and so ruins the Mutual enterprise.

On the night of Dr. Tom's death Annie steals out to meet him; Daniel—perhaps apprised of her departure by Rosa—follows her. He finds the lovers safely hidden, as they think, in the top storey of the unfinished mill.

In a passion of rage, without warning, Daniel raises his heavy drover's stick and strikes a savage blow. Dr. Tom, the back of his skull broken, cries out and staggers forward; his eyes suddenly widen to a staring horror, he falls on his face, he dies.

Now Annie, terrified, is on Daniel's side; they must not be found out, they must not! The blow on the back of the head would be fatally incriminating; in a fair fight one does not crush one's adversary's skull from behind.

Daniel heaps shavings together and tries to make a fire to burn the body, but bodies are difficult to burn; the flame blackens the edges of the wood, chars Dr. Archibald's hand, but fades. So then they tip the body out of the window.

They creep away. Next morning, very early so as to be first on the scene, Daniel comes down from Eli's farm to the field, and pretends to make his discovery of Dr. Archibald's body. Whether Daniel still loves Annie or not, he marries her to silence her evidence about the murder; she marries him to gain a legitimate birth for her child.

Is there any evidence that this theory of murder is more likely than the theory of attempted arson followed by suicide? Yes, I think there is. I'm afraid it was murder.

The registers of the parish of Ballyfrilán show that Annie O'Prunty's eldest child was conceived before wedlock: it was her second son, not her first, who was called after her husband. The medical registers a quarter of a century later show that her first son, Richard, fought his way up from peasant penury to become a noted Dublin surgeon.

I sought out a photograph of Sir Richard O'Prunty, taken when he was knighted, and laid it beside the *Annotsfield Recorder's* illustration of Thomas Thornton Archibald, M.D. The resemblance is very striking. Richard's chin is stronger than his father's, but that Thomas Thornton Archibald was father to Annie's first-born is not, I think, much in doubt.

Daniel O'Prunty had every reason for his jealous rage against the doctor.

Yes, sometimes from the most unromantic sources a poignant human tragedy leaps out which has lain hidden for many years. Nobody had ever known it in its entirety until you piece it together now; only when its tormented actors, while alive perplexed in the extreme, are long dead and forgotten, their sad hearts stilled, do the facts emerge which make the whole troubled, passionate, tragic story clear to us.

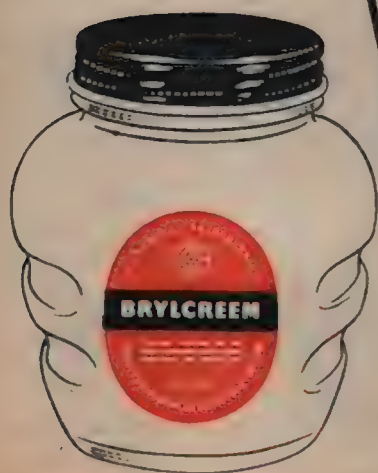
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THE GOOD THIEF

Continued from page 19

with savage strokes, he widened the gap between them.

A boat-length distant, minnows skittered before a rushing bow wave. He should go in and unload . . . the boat was heavy from her weight of fish . . . but there was still room for another salmon or two. He raked more bait and resumed the slaughter.

Sun was westering and tide running strong before the feeding spree ended. With salmon in gleaming mounds fore and aft, Tommy plodded towards the buyer which had dropped hook off the point. His lips shaped themselves to Willi's haunting tune; he hadn't struck a day like this in donkey's years.

He broke off in mid-note. Custis Hodder's unkempt motor-boat was overhauling him from astern. She swept past him with throttle wide. While he swung the overburdened rowing-boat frantically to meet the leaping wake, Hodder heeled the powered craft sharp across his course. The steep-sided waves licked in. Robbed of the last of her buoyancy, the rowing-boat began to settle. Her freeboard diminished from two inches to nothing, and as Tommy lurched into the channel, he heard voices raised in whooping mirth.

"Squares us for that sheep, ya damn Siwash!" Custis Hodder's mocking yell came back to him.

Tommy shook the wet from his eyes and swam to his boat. She had spilled her load and bobbed bottom up. He righted her, rocked most of the water out, and boosted himself inboard.

GRIMLY, Tommy recovered his drifting gear. His boots were gone for ever, and a catch that would have netted him a month's ease on Aragon Reserve. Try as he would, though, he couldn't work up a proper rage. In a manner of speaking, he'd brought this judgment on his own head.

Tommy addressed himself earnestly to the saint with the elusive name: *You take your foot off my neck an' I won't never miscall you again. I'll do the penance Fadder put on me even if it kills me, I promise.*

Willi Hagandorf's skiff lay on the shingle, but Willi was nowhere in sight.

Tommy beached his own boat and waddled purposefully to the skiff. The sight of Willi's gear caused him to shake his head in wonder at the man's ignorance. He'd been dragging a full pound of lead, trolling so deep under the run that he'd catch only cod or dogfish.

Knife in fist, Tommy hunkered to free the sinker. He had it loose and was re-rigging with a slip lead from his pocket when a boot heaved powerfully beneath his haunches, rocking him forward on his nose among the pebbles. He came up in a rubbery bounce. Willi knocked him down again with a ham-sized fist but, falling, Tommy yanked the tall man's feet from under him. They fought there on the beach, until Lena rushed upon them with seagull screams and broke it up.

"Shame to you both!" she scolded them, while the tears coursed down her pink face. "Like wicked little school-boys you act. And you, Willi, you are the worst."

Puffing, Tommy hauled himself to his feet. Willi glowered at him; he glared back, his face red-brown with indignation.

"The priest told me I got to help you," he panted, "and, by the holy, I'm going to help you in spite of yourself."

"The priest? You mean the little missionary, Father Jerome?" Willi eyed him suspiciously still, but he no longer frowned. "You did not, then, come here to snoop and steal?"

"Ah, what you got worth stealing?" Tommy demanded; and Lena, in a tired and shaky voice, added her logic to his. "He's right, Willi, heaven knows."

Hagandorf looked from his wife's face to Tommy's. Of a sudden there was something sheepish about him. He cleared his throat noisily.

"My friend," he said, "circumstances make it not wise that I trust people. But the priest is a good man. I do trust him and, since you're sent by

him, you too. You have my apology."

A thing altogether unlooked for had happened on his rocky face. The hard blue eyes were smiling.

"Aw' right," Tommy told him in grumbling embarrassment. "If you're done sweet-talking me, I'll show you how to rig for salmon while your wife cuts some meat." A grin stirred his bedraggled moustaches. "It's real high-price mutton," he said. "Near as I can make out, it's cost me a couple of dollars a pound."

Willi watched while he worked, changing the large hook for a smaller one. Presently Willi began to whistle, and Tommy joined in. They ran through the sad, sweet song in perfect accord.

"You know," Tommy said, "I kind of like that. You got a name for it?"

"In English," Willi said, "I've heard it called 'Once I Had A Comrade.'" He spoke with melancholy, a gentle sadness. "An Old Country air."

"Ain't heard it for quite some time," Tommy said. He spat on a pebble and began to whet the hook. "I remember how Custis Hodder used to whistle it after the war."

The run lingered, the bright, fat salmon feeding as the mood struck them, their numbers seemingly undiminished even though the channel now crawled with boats.

After the first week, Tommy slacked off. He'd made enough to ensure him a comfortable winter at Aragon and could see no point in knocking down more dollars than would carry him through to spring.

But having learned the trick of it, Willi Hagandorf fished like a man possessed. His was first boat out and last to the buyer; he was, Tommy judged, averaging better than ninety fish a day. There was food in the Hagandorf camp, new clothes for Willi, a flowered dress for Lena that made her look pretty and nice as a woman should.

I've helped those two, sure, Tommy told himself. *But not enough, his conscience whispered back.*

That thought touched him most acutely when he sat with his neighbours by their evening fire. Willi and Lena, he could see, lived under a shadow. He'd lifted it in part, but more help was needed, and of a sort he couldn't give. Tommy found himself wishing increasingly that Father Jerome would happen along this way.

One morning, the run ended. Tommy trolled until noon with only a couple of half-pound grise to show for his labour. No matter—he had it made. At peace with the world, or almost so, he wound up his lines, stowed his gear, and loafed in to camp.

For once, Willi was there before him. He stood by the skiff motionless as a stone man. Lena crouched beside him, arms on the gunwale and head on her arms. She was weeping.

Tommy approached warily.

"What the hell, Willi? What's happened?"

Lena lifted her damp face. Not even her new dress could make her look pretty with her eyes so red and swollen.

"Tommy, don't let the silly man do what he plans. It will bring only worse trouble to us."

"Don't let him do what?"

"Don't let him go after the Hodders. They came while I was alone. They took the coffee can with our money—all Willi had earned from fishing."

IT didn't make sense. Pinching a sheep was one thing, but thieving six-seven hundred dollars meant trouble, a long spell in jail. Even those Nishka Landing no-goods would think twice before pulling a stunt like that.

"You sure, Lena? I'll bet you just put that can some other place."

"Their boat was leaving as I came back with water," she told him dully. "At once I looked for the can. It was gone. I shouted at them, I told them we'd go to the police. They laughed at me, they said to call on the Mounties if we dared."

"You better do just that," Tommy said to Willi. "I wouldn't waste no time, either. They spend fast, them Hodder deadbeats do."

"No," Willi said, "we will not take



"This one, too, has quite an interesting story . . ."

this to the police." He began to heave at the heavy skiff. He looked tough and dangerous, and his flat voice was a lot too calm. "This I will handle myself. I will find those three and take back what's ours."

Tommy sighed. "Okay," he said. "Custis, he won't try and run to Nishka Landing in this fog that's blowing up. We'll most likely find 'em down around the point."

"Thanks. You've been our true friend, Tommy. But I'll go alone."

"We'll take my boat," Tommy said. "She moves quieter."

They skirted the island shore, dim-seen through the swirling vapour. Once Willi sneezed; Tommy shushed him with a warning grunt. He dipped the oars noiselessly, hearing the bell buoy off the point clang louder, seeing at last the blurred hull of the motor-boat at anchor inside the rocky hook.

They crept in stealthily upon it. Tommy took a last silent stroke, shipped oars and groped behind him for his fish club.

Inwardly, he appealed to the saint with the name he couldn't remember: *You been real good with me. One last break. Don't let these monkeys beat me up too hard!* Then with a club in his fist, he swung after Willi to a deserted cockpit.

The Hodder brothers, Custis, Dan and Bert, sprawled on the boat. The smell of rum hung heavy in the air, and the intermingled snores rose in so hearty a symphony that Tommy could scarce hear his own voice.

"They just couldn't wait to celebrate. C'mon, grab the can and let's get out of here!"

"Luck," Willi told him, while they ghosted back around the point. "The luck of the damned." He nursed the coffee can in his lap, and he chuckled now, the fierce expression smoothed from his face. "As thieves, they will each believe the other has pocketed the loot."

Not luck, of course, Tommy knew, but a miracle worked by the saint with the sad-sounding name.

"Those Hodders dared you to go to the police," Tommy said. "Why so?"

"Because for me," Willi said, quietly and a little sadly, "the war is not yet over." He leaned towards Tommy, his blue eyes warm with friendship. "You see, I'm a fugitive. Eleven years ago I went, as they say, over the fence from a prisoner of war camp in East Canada."

"Custis Hodder knew about that, eh?"

"Yes, he knew. The day you taught me to fish, I remembered him as a guard at that camp. He was removed, I recall, after he had robbed the quartermaster stores. You see now why I could not go to the Mounties?"

"No," Tommy said. "I still think you oughta go to them, Willi, you don't want to be on the run all your life. Anyhow, sooner or later, they'll nab you."

Willi shrugged. "I've eluded them so far. It's been more difficult since

Lena married me, but we'll find a safe wintering place—"

"You don't fancy going back to Germany?"

"Not me! This country's my home."

"You got no home," Tommy said. You nor your wife." His brain was running clear and free; the saint must be right at his shoulder. "Turn yourself in. After all, they'd most likely let you come back here. Heck, Willi, they mightn't even send you away."

"Perhaps not," Willi agreed. He leaned with hands on knees, jaw stubborn and forehead creased, a mule of a man, bound to do things in the stupidest, the hardest possible way. "But, Tommy, I do not intend to put that to the test."

Tommy lifted his hand from the port-side oar, reached to his hind pocket for the fish club, and with a skill acquired in quieting the struggles of countless salmon, rapped Willi on the head. He caught the big man as he toppled and eased him to the bottom boards. Whistling, "Once I Had A Comrade," he trussed his friend with the painter.

"You're a good man," he said aloud. "They'll let you come back."

He pointed his bows for Nishka Landing. The Mounted Police launch was probably out on patrol, but the store had a radiophone and the law was generally a lot too easy to find.

ROWING north towards Aragon Reserve a week later, Tommy spotted a familiar white hull cradled as on the wings of angels between milk-pale sea and melting sky. He held his course until Father Jerome hailed him, then pulled across.

"Plugs again, Fadder?"

"The distributor, I believe," Father Jerome twinkled at him through his spectacles. "You're well met, my son! Come on board."

The priest listened gravely, not interrupting, while Tommy cleaned the clogged fuel line.

"I've talked with Willi Hagandorf's wife," he said at the end. "She's keeping house for the Rasmussens on Cape Sorrow for the present. And I've further news for you. The government has decided not to deport Willi. I expect he'll be back here very soon."

"I'm clear then, Fadder?"

"I don't fully understand."

"I've took care of my penance okay?"

"You gave full measure," Father Jerome assured him. "Full and brimming over. I couldn't have done as well myself."

Still Tommy lingered, frowning at the mug of tea in his hand. "Been meaning to ask you, Fadder. Who's that saint wit' the queer name? Disney? Dismal? Something like that?"

"Dismas," Father Jerome told him. He had his suspicions as to what lay under the tarpaulin in the boat, but the twinkle lingered in his mild eyes. "One of heaven's irregulars, Tommy. St. Dismas, the Good Thief. There are worse saints to have on your side, at times."

THE END



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It's The Custom . . . in EGREMONT

The Crab Fair apple cart passes. Years ago, it carried crab apples

Scrambling for a ton of apples

ALTHOUGH the greasy pole at the Crab Fair at Egremont in Cumberland has been climbed several times in recent years, the older men of the town play down the achievement. "We haven't been able to grease the pole properly since before the war," says Billy Mawson, who lives in the house in Main Street where he was born sixty-four years ago.

"Nowadays wagon grease is used," he says. "But really it should be soft soap covered by lard." In the past fifty years the pole has been climbed once only when properly greased—that was by Tay Frost in the mid-twenties.

At five o'clock on the morning of Crab Fair the forty-foot pole is erected by the war memorial in Main Street. A sheep's head or a leg of mutton trailing coloured ribbons is tied at the top of the pole and anyone who can bring down a ribbon wins the prize.

"The greasy pole is the bane of wives and mothers, and the delight of the outfitters," says Peter Kelly, Ringmaster of the Crab Fair sports.

Egremont Crab Fair, which has

a history that can be traced back to 1267, is held on the Saturday nearest to September 18. During the morning there are races in the streets for adults and children. Every child taking part gets a prize from a handcart that is trundled from street to street.

Around midday comes the Parade of the Apple Cart. A ton of apples is thrown from the back of a slowly-moving lorry, and the housewives fill their baskets and aprons. Originally, crab apples were thrown, and from them the fair took its name.

The sports in the afternoon start and finish with Cumberland wrestling. In 1952 the four semi-finalists in the under-fifteen contest were all grandsons of Matthew Kirkby.

There is gurning on Beck Green in the evening. A world championship cup is awarded for the ugliest face which can be pulled through a horse collar (a gurn).

The pipe-smoking prize goes to the man who can smoke a pipe of strong twist in the fastest time. "It knocks them over like nine-pins," says Peter Kelly, "especially those who have had a little ale beforehand."

MAKE-BELIEVE SKIPPER

Continued from page 25

the way to the window. "Come over here a moment, will you?"

"Yes, sir. I saw."

"We're naming our new ones after famous sailing ships. The frame on the slip next to Severn Star is Eastern Maid. Orient Pearl is farther down the line. In a day or so, when Severn Star takes the water, the Bombay's keel will be laid in her place. Cargo ships, but really first-class passenger accommodation, too." Enthusiasm had grown in his voice. "We've been searching for models of the namesake ships to mount in their saloons."

Then the brusqueness left his voice and he laid a hand courteously on Tom's shoulder. "That's why I hoped you'd bought your model somewhere, that it wasn't an heirloom, so that we could haggle. But would you be offended if I offer—well, twice what an antique dealer or a museum would give? A hundred pounds?"

A hundred pounds. A seaside holiday for David. But it was Mary's ship, not his. And it would mean another heartbreak for David, not to have Severn Star any more.

Tom turned to Morton. "I'm not offended, sir. The money would be awfully welcome at the moment. But

I should have to ask my wife. The model is hers. And David's."

"Of course. Let's get on with these agreements."

They worked on them for a while. There were a few minor points to be ironed out, a few changes. Finally, Morton was ready to sign.

"Well, Mr. Thomas," he said, "Howard seems to give you a lot of latitude in making decisions, which makes me like your sense of mine and thine about your wife's property all the more. My compliments to her, and could we have her answer—by tomorrow?"

"Yes." Tom was remembering what Mary had said last night. He had her consent to anything that would get David away. But it wasn't her consent that would be the obstacle. It would be David who couldn't bear it.

"Look here, sir—it's like this." And he told Morton the whole story, about David and his illness and the ship by his bed. "But perhaps," he ended, "if David understood about the Severn Star going to sea again with her namesake—if we could make some sort of ceremony out of it—perhaps he wouldn't feel so badly about it. He might feel it was where the Severn Star really belonged. Do you see what I mean?"

The admiral sat back, squinting at

Tom. "If I couldn't see, do you think I'd have been able to argue my board into reviving the old sailing ship names? Of course we'll make a ceremony out of it, if David's willing. You said something about a logbook he's been reading. Whose was that?"

"Captain David Orme's, sir; my wife's great-grandfather. He was the owner-skipper of the first Severn Star."

Morton's lean shoulders tautened. He jumped up. "Your wife an Orme? I didn't think there were any left. You get along home, Mr. Thomas. Get home and ask her and David about the model. Give my respects to them, and if they will—yes, dammit, we'll make a ceremony of it."

And as Tom, fairly blown off the quarterdeck, left the office, he heard Morton roaring to his secretary: "When Hufford phones, tell him that débutante niece of his can go to hell! But put it into Spanish."

"Spanish, sir? I don't quite understand."

So much for Tuesday. On Thursday morning Mary and Tom and David drove down to the shipyard in the big, chauffeur-driven car Morton had insisted on sending for them. In David's honour Mary wore her best dress and her big hat.

Sitting excitedly between them, David held the Severn Star on his lap. Tom saw then what David had been working at with paper and coloured crayons on the previous night; two little flags at the trucks of the slim masts; at the main the Orme house flag, half-orange, half-white, with a red lozenge in the centre; and, at the fore, the Blue Peter, signal that the ship was about to sail, to clear her home harbour on a long voyage.

But this was the only poignancy. At the last family conference David had gravely kept Mary company on the sofa. And when they had put it to him, he had made his decision promptly:

"I think the Severn Star should be where she's best taken care of. Last summer when we were going to Highcombe, I held her so carefully on my lap in the car, but her main topmast broke when we bounced, and Dad had to mend it—remember, Dad? I don't want the Severn Star to get broken, not ever."

"You're taking the long view, David," Tom said.

And Mary put her arms round the boy. "Too long for your age, darling," she said. "You're too much alone with us. But now you'll be able to be with other boys at the sea this summer, after all."

"When I put the Severn Star in her place in the cabin of the new ship, I won't have to say anything, will I?" David begged, suddenly shy.

And Mary wanted to know: "What is the programme, anyway, Tom?"

Tom shook his head. "Admiral Morton wouldn't say over the phone what he had up his sleeve. But he's not the sort of fellow to want any speeches."

The car ran through the shipyard gates and along the water's edge. This morning each soaring scaffolding was deserted as they passed—until they came to the new Severn Star. Above her decks, on lines rigged from bow to masthead, between the stumpy derrick masts and down again to her stern, flags and pennants fluttered and blew out.

THE railed temporary platform, which Tom had seen from the office window being built up under her bows, was now draped in bunting, and under its gay awning sat and stood a group of men and women in bright summer clothes.

Mary breathed in Tom's ear: "They must be launching her this morning. Oh, I wish David could see it! Launchings are so—so unforgettable."

"Shall I ask Morton if we can?" Tom hesitated.

But Mary was positive. "I shouldn't, dear. We made our bargain. No extras. No favours."

The car turned away from the launching platform, down along the Severn Star's scaffolding, and stopped amidst, where a ramp led up to



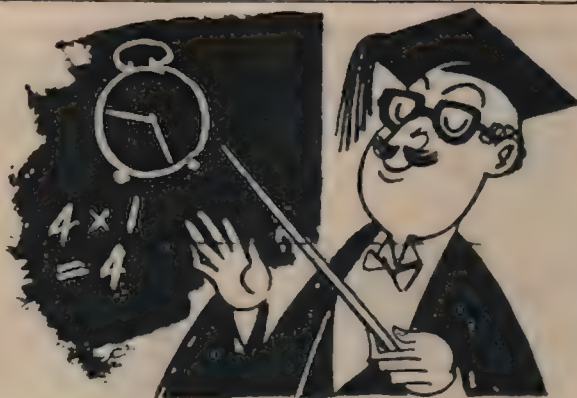
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open cargo doors in the ship's side. Workmen, standing about with sledgehammers in their hands, gave them a quick look of interest. But Morton was waiting at the foot of the ramp.

"An honour to bring you aboard, ma'am," he told Mary; and, as Tom introduced David too, Morton's eyes rested for a moment on the tiny Blue Peter at the foremast truck of the model in the boy's arms. "I think you'll like the place we've decided on for her, David," he said gently.

He led them up the ramp to a platform where a gangplank bridged the gap between the scaffolding and the ship's side; then across the gangplank, through dim, still-littered between-decks and up again into the passengers' saloon.

There was no crowd to make David shy. Only a steward was smiling in the doorway, and by the fireplace at the far end waited a man of Morton's age, heavier set but with the same weathered look about him, who wore four gold stripes on the sleeve of his blue uniform.

Morton presented him. "Captain Lowe, the new skipper. . . . David, we want you to put the Severn Star in that niche over the mantelpiece. Then take away the handkerchief hanging under the niche so that I can read you what's on the brass plate underneath."

The steward brought a small table covered with a blue and gold Chinese cloth. Steadied by Morton and Lowe, David mounted and placed his model in the niche. Then he and the new skipper screwed down the wing-nuts of the clamps that secured the model in its new place.

"Now, David, the handkerchief."

And when David pulled the handkerchief away, gave it to Morton and stepped down to stand with his parents, Morton read aloud. . . .

At first it was a record, brief, like an entry in some *Who's Who* of ships. Then, but more slowly, he read the last sentence: "Here is placed this model of the first Severn Star by the namesake and descendant of her first owner and master, as a reminder to all who may sail in her present heir that the tradition of British seaman-ship is a continuing inheritance."

There was a moment of silence when he finished. Then quietly he asked: "Is it all right, my boy?"

And David nodded firmly: "Just right, sir."

Morton and Lowe led them down through the ship again, across the gangplank to the platform at the top of the ramp. As soon as they had crossed, some workmen began to pull in the gangplank.

Morton turned to Mary. "Shall we go to the launching platform now?"

Mary gave a last touch of her handkerchief to her eyes, and smiled once more. "That would be wonderful—but will there be room for us?" "I'm quite sure there will," Morton told her.

When they reached the bunting-decked launching platform, the people gathered there stopped talking and made way for them. David, his hand

in his mother's, scarcely saw them. His eyes were on the great grey curve of the new Severn Star's bows arching over the platform; bows from which hung a ribbon-bound bottle by longer ribbons of white and orange and red, the colours of the Orne house flag. David drew his mother to the rail and, leaning over, shyly touched the grey steel.

Howard, standing among the other men and women, laid his hand on Tom's arm and made a place for him at his side. "Stick with me," he said. "We're only spectators."

Mary, too, drew aside into the group, bringing David with her. "We mustn't be in the way of whoever is doing the launching, David," she told him.

SUDDENLY the men and women all laughed—kindly, expectant laughter though. And Morton stepped up to Mary.

"The lady who is doing the launching, Mrs. Thomas, is the great-granddaughter of the Severn Star's first skipper, if she will honour us. I'm sure she needs no coaching." He handed her the white handkerchief that had covered the plaque. "Signal the shipwrights when you're ready."

And Tom, watching Mary, felt his throat tighten. For, as she understood, the wan shadows that the long weeks of anxiety had left on her face cleared and the platform became for the moment her quarterdeck. He saw her take the handkerchief and hold it out to her son.

"David will make the signal," she commanded. "David, go to the rail and wave to the men below."

The handkerchief waved. From the platform a cheer came up; then rhythmic blows of sledgehammers thudding and ringing on the blocks that held the Severn Star from the sea. The new ship quivered and spoke. And then the arching bows began slowly to slide away.

Tom saw Mary grasp the ribboned bottle, swing it strongly and true, break it, foaming, against the mighty, receding bows. He heard her voice, clear as sweet wind in rigging: "I name you Severn Star. May God bless you and all who sail in you."

So the Severn Star went to sea once more.

Finally, they were in the car again, Morton by the door seeing them off. "We usually give a souvenir to whoever does the launching, Mrs. Thomas, but this time we're making the gift to her son."

He stood aside and Captain Lowe stepped up with something long in his arms—long and covered with a silk Orne house flag. He reached across Tom and put what he carried into David's lap.

"Lift the flag, David," Morton said.

And under it, on his lap, David held a model of the new Severn Star, complete, delicate, beautiful.

Going home, Mary and Tom joined hands behind David's engrossed shoulders. For a long way there were no words between them. Then David said: "Gosh, I don't think any of the boys at Highcombe will have a model steamship like this one!" **THE END**

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FORGOTTEN KINGDOM

Continued from page 23

arrangement is a distinctive feature of all Lolos. It is gathered through a hole at the top of their turbans and hangs as a limp tail or, more often, springs up like a miniature palm tree, supported by a sheath of black strings.

The hair of the Lolo is sacred and no one is supposed to touch it, under pain of death. They believe that the Divine Spirit communicates with man through the exposed lock of his hair which, working like the aerial of a wireless set, conveys the spiritual impulses to the brain.

WHEN I first met the Black Lolo women, my immediate impression was that I was in the presence of a group of Italian princesses of the Renaissance period.

In their long flowing skirts, their jackets of lovely faded brocade, their black picture hats, their high silver collars and great mother-of-pearl ear-rings falling to the shoulders, they stood before me so tall, handsome and haughty that my first impulse was to bow deeply and kiss their hands.

It was only my training in how to behave among the Lolos, painstakingly given me before I was allowed to go through their dangerous country, that saved me from such familiarity, which would probably have ended in my death. A deep bow was enough.

The Black Lolos have no king and they do not live in towns or villages. Each clan occupies a well-defined section of this vast land and each member family lives in its own castle, usually located on top of a hill, some distance from neighbours. The head of the clan, depending on its prestige and importance, has the title of prince, marquis or baron.

The castle is simply a wooden stockade, heavily buttressed with stones and earth. The buildings are unimpressive and consist of a group of mean, low huts. Inside, everything is scrupulously clean. The furnishings are austere—a table, a few benches, a chest or two and a round stone hearth sunk into the floor. There may be a large armchair in the main hut, with a tiger skin spread on it. This is the throne of the ruling head. There are no bedsteads, for the Lolos sleep on the bare floor around the fire.

Both men and women are warriors. So ferocious and ruthless are the Lolos in battle, so contemptuous of death or torture, so cunning in their strategy and terrifying in their lightning and stealthy attacks, that they are feared more than any other people in the whole of south-west China, down to the borders of Siam.

THE caste rules are enforced with the utmost severity and serious deviations can be punished with death. No agricultural or menial work is permitted to the Black Lolos, men or women; they may not even serve at table. Men practise the art of warfare from childhood.

All work is done by the White Lolos, who are their slaves. It is they who cultivate the fields and gather the grain, rear animals and do the household chores. It is also their duty to act as go-betweens in their masters' dealings with Chinese merchants in matters of commerce which, although despised, are nevertheless necessary to the well-being of the master race.

The Black Lolos like nothing better than to have punitive expeditions sent against them by the Chinese. By treachery or ruse they lure detachments of soldiers into the forests and defiles, where they kill them from ambush and take their arms. They are experts in the use of the much-feared yellow poison which they make from plants, and they do not hesitate to poison the wells used by their enemies with this concoction.

The Black Lolos' sole occupation is fighting. To keep themselves in practice, they engage in warfare among themselves on any slight pretext. When one clan defeats another, they make peace if the quarrel has not been serious, but if the offence has been contrary to the general custom of the



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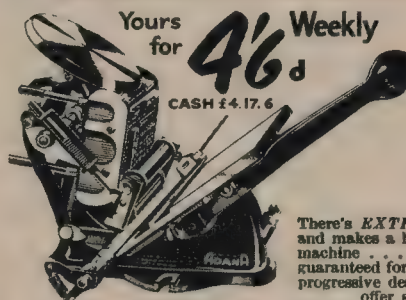


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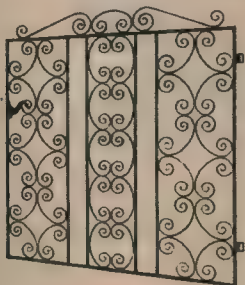
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Lolos, all other clans may join together to punish the wrongdoers. When defeated, they are usually driven out of the Taliangshan paradise and become outlaws.

They flee either to the Siaoliangshan or to other wild ranges of mountains, where they undergo a psychological change, losing all their codes of chivalry, loyalty and fair dealing. Like beasts of prey, filled with rage and humiliation, they rove and rave through the mountains, plundering, killing and torturing their victims.

ONE day, without any warning, one of these renegade Black Lolos walked into my office, accompanied by a couple of retainers. Even before he spoke, I recognized the aquiline features, flashing eyes and the upstanding lock of hair.

He was very tall, had a sword and a dagger at his belt, and was dressed all in black. He said that he was ill and wanted medicine. He would pay me, he added. I examined him and diagnosed a touch of malaria.

I served wine and we drank and talked. It was soon dinner-time and as he made no move to go, I invited him and his retainers to share my own meal. After dinner I gave him a good dose of quinine and told him to rest until the next dose.

He looked over my room with interest, and then announced that he would stay with me overnight as he wanted me to check personally on the action of the medicine. This caused me some anxiety as I feared the consequences if he became dissatisfied with the results of my prescription. On the other hand, I was nervously aware of the insult of refusing hospitality to a Black Lolo.

A bed was prepared for him, with clean pillows and linen, and placed in the same room as mine. He undressed completely, put round his naked waist his belt that held a dagger, and placed his sword under the pillow so that he could quickly express any dissatisfaction with the medicine.

However, all went well, and he left early the next morning with profuse thanks, saying that he felt much better.

Although the White Lolos were the serfs and had to work for their Black Lolo masters, I did not notice any signs of cruelty in the way they were treated. There was not much difference, in the standard of living, between the masters and serfs, as the former did not live in any great luxury.

No Black Lolo might marry a White Lolo, under pain of death. Romances between the castes were strictly taboo, because the racial purity of the Black had to be zealously guarded. Punishment for disloyalty and even for a breach of discipline was swift and just, irrespective of caste.

THE Black Lolos are not entirely uneducated. They have their own writing. It is hieroglyphic, but the characters are not as complicated as Chinese. They are in the form of circles, half-moons, swastikas and rhombs. Every Black Lolo man and woman can write a letter and there are numbers of books in manuscript form. Not many of these books have found their way into the outer world, for they are jealously guarded and seldom sold.

Men and women have complete equality in everything. Any girl may marry or have as many romances as she likes, provided that she does so within the caste. Elderly or important ladies are treated with the utmost courtesy and respect, and take precedence over

their husbands when receiving guests or sitting down to a feast.

The Lolos' achievements in raising livestock amazed me. Their bulls and cows are big, well-fed and glossy with a peculiar greenish-red sheen.

Their ponies are much sought after by the Chinese. They are of medium size and extremely hardy, and especially well-suited to riding in the mountains. Sleek, lively and phenomenally intelligent, they can do almost anything but speak, being extremely sensitive to their owners' wishes.

Another interesting animal which the Lolos breed is their hunting dog. It is a lean, medium-sized dog, usually black, of such cunning and intelligence as to be considered almost fabulous by the Chinese. The Lolo chickens are, for their enormous size and weight, also a cause of envy, and it is the wish of every Chinese to be presented with a rooster by his Lolo friends.

The question of where the Lolos originally obtained the stock of such excellent animals long before the arrival of Europeans has not yet been answered.

Most of the Lolo country can best be described as a vast park with century-old oaks and flower-covered meadows, streams and small blue lakes. With the castles perched here and there on the mountains, the gallant knights trotting on their sleek chargers, stately ladies passing on horseback with small bands of retainers carrying bows and arrows and young girls running behind, and with the oak trees and the meadows and the trill of nightingales, a visitor feels as though he is in the France of the early Middle Ages.

I believe that the Lolos are still unconquered. The new Chinese régime has demanded their surrender: instead, the Black Lolos have withdrawn all their clansmen and families from the outer mountains to the main ranges of Taliangshan. At a great tribal conclave a king was elected to lead them, a drastic measure taken only in a grave emergency when the existence of the whole race is at stake.

LIKIANG had five lamaseries which all belonged to the Red Sect of Tibetan Lamaism. They were beautifully situated on the hillsides surrounded by forest.

Because they had not been built in strategic places for commerce or pilgrimage, they declined and had only a few lamas and novices left to look after their vast but rapidly deteriorating buildings.

My favourite lamasery was Shangri Moupo. It was the largest and most active in the Likang district, and was set some eight miles from the city, along a narrow road which crossed deep streams and led through a forest of pines and rhododendrons.

Then suddenly the lamasery was there, lying in a hollow of the mountains like a huge bowl, with a green meadow in front and very old trees round it. There was a huge circular fishpond fed by mountain streams, and a flight of stone steps leading to an imposing gate. Across a vast courtyard was the great prayer hall itself, reached by two stone stairways.

Connected by a veranda to the dining-room was a wing in which my good lama friend the Bursar lived. He was a convivial fellow, with bright intelligent eyes and a great forehead, and was quite bald. He came from a village not far from Likang and, unlike most lamas, he was happily married, with children. I asked him about it one day and he laughed heartily.

"Well," he said, "if nobody gets

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married, where are the little lamas to come from?"

I had met him at Madame Lee's bar, where he always went when in town as he was very fond of a drink. He was most hospitable, and often invited me for weekends. I always brought my medical kit with me, and some flowers and vegetable seeds for the Bursar, for he was fond of gardening.

My arrival was usually on a Saturday afternoon. After a drink of the special white wine made by the lamas, the Bursar disappeared on business, and I made excursions into the surrounding woods, searching for flowers, particularly the little purple orchids.

On my return to the lamasery I called on a few lamas I knew and offered any medical help that I could give. There was usually an inflamed eye, a touch of a skin disease, a bout of malaria or an attack of indigestion, and they were very grateful for my help. Then the evening came, with the chill of an altitude of about 11,000 feet, and we sat by the brazier waiting for the gong for dinner.

I was always put at the large round table at which the senior lamas sat. They were very dignified elders, some with white beards, clad in their red togas. All food was produced at the lamasery and the meals were very good. There was beef, pork and mutton, sauerkraut, rich potato soup, and many cups of wine.

Rice was seldom served, but instead we ate the *babas*—thick wheat pancakes spread with butter and ham shavings. Young novices served at the table, and before and after the meals grace was said by the oldest lama.

Afterwards I lay on rich rugs in my lama friend's cell, with lamps flickering before the golden Buddhas on an altar. Outside there was the hooting of owls and the screeching of wild animals, and now and then the sound of a bell from some distant shrine.

HIGH above the lamasery, on a precipitous spur of the mountain, there was a curious shrine, always padlocked and sealed. I climbed up to it several times but saw nobody. Afterwards a friend explained to me that this was a hermitage where thirty-five young lamas had been shut up for meditation and study for a period of three years, three months, three weeks, three days, three hours and three minutes.

Guided by a saintly and learned lama, these young men chose a sacred word or text to meditate upon. The favourite word, I was informed, was "Om," whose mystic meaning could seldom, if ever, be properly understood, but which contained power and enlightenment. Between meditations, a regular course of theology was pursued.

On his release, each man became a lama in his own right and, if he chose, he could go to Lhasa for further training and take examinations for higher initiation. I was told that two years more would be needed before the hermitage could be unsealed at a brilliant ceremony, and the young lamas freed.

In the meantime they stayed there, strictly incommunicado, with food

passed in through a small window by an old caretaker.

I had almost forgotten about the young lamas when, some time later, I was invited by my lama friends to go to the lamasery for the great day of the opening of the hermitage. The news spread quickly and the whole town talked of nothing else.

I set off with a friend on the eve of the ceremony. The road to the lamasery was crowded with groups of people in their best dress: old gentlemen in formal Chinese garb, rode on horseback escorted by sons and attendants; women in black mitres and silk tunics carried all sorts of dainties in their baskets.

Unmarried girls, also with baskets, walked in droves with their boy friends. The lawn in front of the lamasery was covered with families picnicking.

NEXT day, early in the morning, the service started in the main hall. Clouds of incense rose from the lamasery and the sound of great trumpets, the throb of a huge drum and the wail of conch shells reverberated in the narrow valley. Then a great procession started to the hermitage. Senior lamas walked first, the gold chalices in their hands sparkling like flames; they were followed by richly dressed officials and a vast crowd.

There was a short service before the sealed gate. Then the Grand Lama sprinkled it with holy water, dipping a bunch of sacred grass into the gold chalice. The young lamas were about to be set free. In the presence of the elders of the city, a gold key was turned in the padlock, seals were removed and the gate flung open.

I thought that the hermitage would be a mean, crowded place with a row of cells along a narrow corridor, without light or air. It was nothing of the kind. In the centre of a vast courtyard there was a tall and spacious prayer hall with a brightly polished floor.

All round the courtyard there were single-storey buildings, divided into comfortable rooms. These were the students' private apartments. In front of each room was a kiosk with a golden Buddha. A stall before every kiosk was heaped with sweetmeats and there was a row of cups filled with wine.

Each graduate stood by his kiosk, welcoming his friends with a bow. Expecting a group of ascetic and emaciated young men worn down by lack of food and the severity of their mystic exercises, I was faced with bright-eyed, well-fed men in resplendent vestments who laughed and pressed us to eat and to drink.

I was led to a terrace where several tables were prepared for the high lamas. The food was superb and the wine still better, and by the time we got up it was late afternoon.

This was one of the happiest days I spent in Likiang. There were not to be many more, for China's civil war was closing in on us.

Helpless, I was soon to watch the drama of the day the Communists seized my Shangri-la.

NEXT WEEK: Likiang covers under the Red terror

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—see instructions

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